Week ending February 21 1948

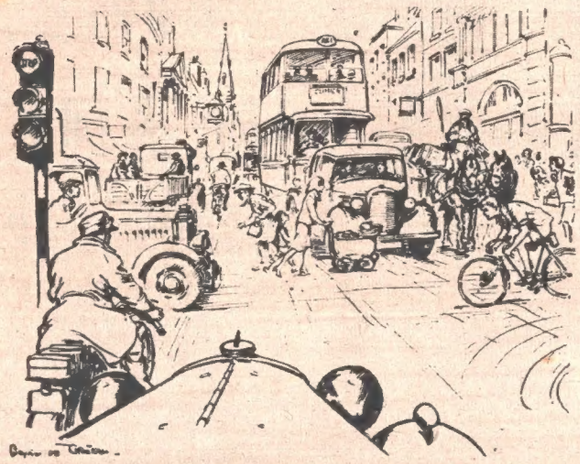
Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

Where the King's money goes

PAGE FIVE

DO YOU KNOW what traffic is?



TRAFFIC is everyone on the roads, streets, and pavements. Whether walking, riding or driving, we are all part of it. Any one of us can cause an accident — or, by care, help to prevent one.

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If all drivers and riders were as good as some — and all walkers careful and considerate — traffic would flow faster, more smoothly, and above all, more safely. It will pay us all to become skilful Road Navigators.

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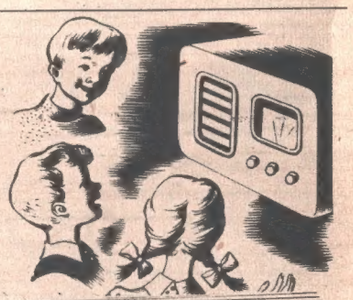

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FEBRUARY 21, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2173

"Our" Industries

HOW IS THE PUBLIC to maintain effective criticism and control of the nationalised industries?

This question, which already applies to coal and transport and will soon embrace electricity and gas, is to be debated by the House of Commons.

It has been raised by the dispute about whether the Minister mainly concerned with a particular industry should have to answer M.P.s' questions on it in the House.

The present Parliamentary ruling is that a Minister like Mr. Barnes (Transport) or Mr. Gaitskell (Fuel) need answer a question on the railways, or the coal mines, only if it is about something for which he remains directly responsible under the terms of the industry's nationalisation. If the question concerns something for which the particular industry's board of management is held responsible, then the Minister can and does refuse to reply.

Many M.P.s, and many people of all parties outside Parliament, think this is unsatisfactory. For if the appropriate Minister doesn't answer questions framed on the basis of public complaints, then how can the people, through their elected representatives, keep an adequate check on the State's conduct of "their" industries?

In practice, it is felt, there ought to be some public means of ventilating grievances, abuses and scandals.

On the other hand, the House of Commons is too busy to discuss all the affairs of the nationalised industries in detail.

There is obviously something to be said on both sides. But it is the responsibility of the Government to find a workable compromise which improves on the present system. If nationalisation is to succeed, it must have public support. And if it is to have the continuous backing of the public we must be able, when necessary, to get our M.P.s to call the bosses of the nationalised industries to account for their actions.

Salvage Should Start Here

PAPER IS STILL in short supply. Most of it comes either from North America, where we must pay for it in dollars, or from Scandinavia, where we are asked to pay in coal.

So people are again asked to save waste paper instead of burning it or throwing it away. It is claimed that if every family saved one pound of paper a week we should have enough to meet our needs.

This is by no means an impossible target. There is probably not a single home in the country where the collection for salvage of old newspapers, magazines, cartons, milk-tops and other scraps would not yield at least one pound. Many households could—and, in fact, do—collect much more.

But this is where the whole process of salvage at present breaks down.

In far too many districts it is still impossible or difficult for a householder who has scrupulously saved waste paper to have it collected promptly and efficiently for salvage. Most people remember bitterly how, even in wartime, a carefully prepared bundle of clean waste paper was often hurled by the dustman in with the kitchen rubbish—or left uncollected until burned or disposed of elsewhere.

The waste paper drive, therefore, should begin with the dustman. Which brings us back to the responsibility of local authorities. The Government should insist that every local council treats the collection and salvage of waste paper as a priority job. Householders will play their part all right if they are told clearly when collections will be made and asked to keep their used paper clean and separate from other waste.

Protect the Plover

THE FIRST CLUTCHES of olive-green, black-blotched eggs, very pointed at one end, will be laid on the bare mud in our cornfields within the next week or two.

They mean food for us all—not to be eaten out of egg-cups, but in the form of agricultural crops this year and next. For they are laid by the plover, otherwise known as the lapwing or peewit, one of our most precious wild birds and the farmers' most faithful ally in keeping down pests.

It is essential that the plover, which lays its first eggs in early March and raises more broods later, should be effectively protected.

Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, has been challenged as to whether his orders for protection of wild birds are being effectively carried out. He says they are, and that only two counties, Herefordshire and Pembrokeshire, have not put the plover on their protection lists.

If that is so, there must be a tremendous slaughter of plover in those two counties to account for the numbers of birds sold for food by poulterers all over the country. The eggs are also banned; but anyone who likes to pay the price can buy them every spring.

There is something wrong here, and Mr. Ede should inquire into it. Last spring he issued special instructions to local authorities and police to enforce the Wild Birds Protection Acts. He should make a similar drive this spring.

Potato Policy

ORDINARY PEOPLE CAN'T DO ANYTHING directly to help end bread rationing or meat rationing—but they *can* do something about potato rationing.

So there should be a good response to the appeal by Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, to gardeners and allotment holders to grow even more food this year than we did in the war.

The emphasis is on potatoes. Tom Williams wants to see more of them at the expense of mixed vegetables.

This is sound policy, not only because potatoes are an essential "filler" which ought never to be restricted in supply, but because they are easy to grow.

Any novice gardener who conscientiously follows a few simple instructions can raise a good crop in his first season.

So Tom Williams has two big jobs on hand. First, he has to make sure that all garden and allotment holders know what the nation expects of them.

Then he has to organize ample supplies of seed potatoes, together with fertilizers.

Meanwhile, of course, the Ministry, which has wide powers over farmers, must press on with the 1948 professional crop. There must be no opening in 1948 for the complaints made in 1947, when potato rationing started, that it could have been avoided if the Government had planned a big enough acreage. Potatoes are one food Britain can grow for herself without spending a dollar abroad.

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JOAN CRAWFORD
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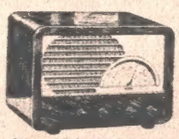

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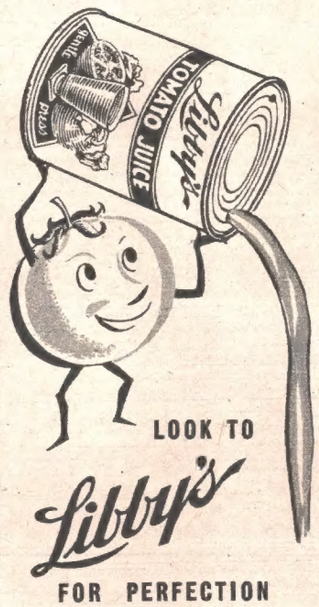

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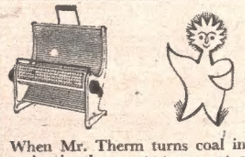

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THE KING'S BUDGET

by HILAIRE SOMERS

Four-figure phone bill; "duty" entertaining of 20,000 guests a year. Such items make a big hole even in a big income. And palaces, too, can get shabby

GETTING ON FOR TWO HUNDRED years ago, George III struck a bargain with Parliament. He handed over all the Crown Lands in return for an annual Civil List grant to himself and his family. George's royal successors have been living on the Civil List ever since.

George III has gone down to history as a good king with bad sons; the king who reigned long and died mad; who was on the throne when Britain threw away the American colonies; who was the first Hanoverian with an English outlook; who was grandfather to Queen Victoria.

To those observations may be added one more—Farmer George was no businessman. Parliament, which is the nation, got the best of the bargain.

From the property which George III handed over to the nation, last year's income, after deducting property tax and administration charges, was £920,000. Out of that, the nation will this year be paying George's descendent, King George VI, a grant of £410,000. Other members of the Royal Family—Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal—will receive from the Treasury £161,000 between them.

So the nation makes a profit of £349,000 a year. It is also being presented with half of the King's wartime savings—£100,000, which he asks shall be used to cover Princess Elizabeth's recently increased allowance for the next four years. He has already turned back to the Exchequer the £20,000 interest on those savings. And, because he has no son, he has surrendered the income from the Duchy of Cornwall (which belongs to the Sovereign's eldest son by right). That income was last assessed at £117,000 a year.

Altogether, George III's bad bargain is bringing us in the best part of half a million pounds each year. Yet the King's income still remains large—at any rate on paper.

Considering that he has a private income of £1,500 a week, is it necessary for the State to pay him another £8,000 a week in addition? No matter what agreements were made two hundred years ago, the nation today cannot afford to pay the King, or anybody else, more money than he needs. Nor does anybody believe that the King would wish that to happen.

Then why the saving of £200,000 during the war? Why can't the saving still be made today? Who spend the King's money for him? And are they wasting it? What exactly happens to that £8,000 a week?

The savings are easily accounted for. Nearly one-third of the Staff and Household were in the Forces. The King made up the pay of the Staff—the maids, cooks, porters, footmen and so on—so long as their Service pay was less than their civilian wages. The Household—full-time members like Controllers and part-time ones like Gentlemen Ushers—received nothing. When office staff were called up, the remaining members carried on the work without extra pay, and the saving on a head of a department and his deputy alone amounted to about £2,500 a year.

Royal Lodge, Windsor, was requisitioned. Sandringham House was closed. Buckingham Palace was run on a skeleton staff and the rest of the employees were transferred to keep the Castle going at Windsor. Routine work was cut to a minimum and no replacements were taken on.

Now the ex-Servicemen are back. The royal residences are reopened. Far from saving another £200,000, it is a problem to make ends meet. Yes, on £410,000 a year.

There is probably a closer check kept on expenditure at Buckingham Palace than in many a Government office. Everybody in the Palace feels directly responsible to the King, and knows that he and the Queen keep a strict eye on the royal budget.

The King knows a good deal about property and estate management. The Queen was brought up to be a good, thrifty, Scottish housewife. Between

Checking invitations to last summer's Presentation Garden Party at Buckingham Palace (top picture). Making these events more democratic has added to their cost

them they soon spot any extravagance. Both of them often point out possible economies and see that they are carried out.

The King's accounts are kept like those of a business firm. In charge of them is Sir Ulick Alexander, who combines the duties of Keeper of the Privy Purse and Treasurer, though he has a separate deputy for each department. The two offices have a small staff of accountants and clerks.

Four times a year, Sir Ulick gets a cheque from the Treasury for the quarterly instalment of the King's allowance. This is immediately allocated under four headings: Household expenses; salaries and pensions; the Privy Purse; the Royal Bounty.

Household expenses take the largest slice—£152,800. Sir Ulick is responsible for paying the bills, but the details of budgeting are left to the Master of the Household, Sir Piers Legh.

Sir Piers is responsible for interior economy. He is the man who sends round the notes telling people to be more careful with the lights. He must try to make his £152,800 cover all household expenses, and probably looks back with envy to the happy days of George V's reign when, even before the first World War had sent prices sky-rocketing, the allowance was £193,000.

Butcher, Baker, Livery Maker

Sir Piers draws up his provisional budget and the subsidiary officials responsible for running up bills have to watch their spending. They deal not only with the butcher and baker but with a host of tradesmen from the livery maker to the badge maker, the seed merchant to the cleaners and dyers, the chemist to the chimney sweeps, the theatre ticket agency to the ice-merchant. Many of the orders are on the lines of those for a big hotel.

Everything delivered at the Palace has to be accompanied by an invoice, which is filed as soon as the goods have been checked. Tradesmen have to render their accounts quarterly and in detail. If they don't, they are liable to lose the royal custom. Accounts are checked against invoices and the bills paid promptly.

Each quarterly account is compared with the previous year's. Savings mean that "the King will be pleased." Excess expenditure means checking back because "the King is sure to ask why."

Some increases may follow the relaxation of economies. The King and his Palace are a shop-window for the world. Though the Royal Household is still run on austerity lines, it would be foolish to give foreign visitors such a picture of cheeseparing as to suggest national bankruptcy.

So the stationery bills may go up, because new envelopes are now used for outside communications and the old, tattered ones with sticky labels reserved for communications between the Palace departments. But most of the wartime economies are still on, and have to be, if they are to keep pace with rising costs.

Some cannot be retained for ever. The King has to pay for all repairs and decorations at Sandringham, Royal Lodge and Balmoral, which are classified as private residences. Like other householders, he has found that there are limits to the number of years a place can make do without a fresh coat of paint or repairs to the roof.

When Repairs Are Needed

The State, through the Ministry of Works, is responsible for repairs and decorations to the official royal residences, including Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. But this covers only the fabric, not the contents. If a caster comes off a chair, Sir Piers charges it up to Household Expenses; if a bit of the ceiling falls down, the Ministry of Works has to put it up again.

The King gets his postage paid free on letters and telegrams; but he is responsible for the four-figure telephone bill, only a small fraction of which covers personal calls, all the rest being incurred on official and semi-official business.

Food is a large item in Sir Piers's budget, though most of the vegetables are grown in the King's nurseries at Frogmore and on the home farms. The royal household sticks to its ration allowance, but the staff is well fed within the limits of austerity. A good many officials, including ladies-in-waiting during their spells of duty, "live in." And there is a constant stream of distinguished visitors to lunch or dinner.

The King has to entertain close on 20,000 people a year. They are invited, not because they belong to any social set or aristocratic clan, but because they have rendered service to the country — as general or cabinet minister, clerk or coalminer.

Ten thousand people will be invited to one or other of the garden parties this year. Another four thousand will attend each of the two presentation parties. If invitations were restricted to a few hundreds, the catering could be done in the Palace kitchens, as it was for prewar evening courts, and a lot of money saved. Making the parties more democratic, and therefore much bigger, means calling in a catering firm.

In the old days, one of the exclusive West End firms was chosen. They provided waiters specially trained for society functions. Nowadays the catering is handled by a multi-teashop firm which can draw on its existing staff and huge stock of crockery—and quote a lower estimate than anybody else. The girl who serves cups of tea at the Palace garden party may be the same as the one who takes your order in the local teashop.

The King is responsible for the "occupational costs" of all the residences he uses. Roughly two-thirds of the money goes on Buckingham Palace, where the bulk of the office work is done, and a third on Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral.

Only a small part of Buckingham Palace—some of the second floor—is devoted to the personal use of the Royal Family. The rest is either State apartments, staff accommodation or offices. The offices are run five per cent for the benefit of the Royal Family and ninety-five per cent for the benefit of the State. In addition to paying office salaries, the King must meet the heavy stationery bill (since every one of the hundreds of letters received at the Palace each day is answered) and provide replacements for typewriters, ink, pencils and files.

He Pays for the Cleaning

Though he uses few of the rooms, the King must pay to keep them all clean—for labour and brooms and dusters and soap and furniture polish by the seven-pound tin. A working man's wife once remarked, after being received by the Queen: "I bet her kitchen's as clean as mine." It is.

We have a royal tradition of cleanliness which has not always been shared by foreign royalty. When Queen Victoria's granddaughter married the Tsar of all the Russias, she was so shocked to find that the grates in the Palace at St. Petersburg had never been blackleaded that she went down on her knees and showed a footman how to do the job.

The Queen has the same ideas. During the war, the two Princesses made their own beds, so that the depleted staff should not be taken off their housework. Thousands of feet pass over the mile of red carpet in Buckingham Palace every day, and miles of corridors as well as acres of rooms have to be kept clean.

Fuel is a big item, though nobody could complain of the Palace being overheated and many have found it cold. Central heating and hot-water systems cost more to maintain because they are installed in buildings never intended for them. The long, narrow corridors must be lit for safety's sake and, in the evenings, a good proportion of the rooms are always occupied. So the fuel and lighting bill comes to around £10,000 a year.

If anybody can tell Sir Piers Legh how he can cope with all these household problems on less than his allotted £152,800 a year, he will be only too glad to hear from them.

But it is unlikely that many people will risk the headaches involved. The subject on which they are more critical is the £134,000 which is spent each year on salaries and pensions.

It is here that both members of the public and Members of Parliament have suggested that the King might be able to make economies.

NEXT WEEK: The King's Payroll

FRIGH

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

Too many people have the jitters today. There's fear of war, fear of a slump, a bogey around every corner. True, things could be better. Switch off Fear, switch on Hope, and maybe they'll get better

"THERE'S BOUND TO BE A WAR, old man." "Did you hear about those rockets in Sweden?" "They say the next slump will be the worst ever." Anyone can hear that kind of talk any day. It is evidence in the Case of the Frightened People.

The flying saucer scare of last summer was a symptom of a nervous complaint which today has a good deal of the civilized world in its grip.

Our nerves are strained. Fear, today's Big Bad Wolf, continuously threatening to huff and to puff, and to blow our house down, is having a fine time.

This is much more than pathetic—though, God knows, it is that. It is also immensely serious. "Neurosis," said a medical officer at a recent conference, "is a bigger menace than influenza. It is a number one cause of inefficiency. Women suffer from it more than men, losing as much as five working days a year for every woman employed."

Shadowy uncertainties haunting the inner selves of millions today amount to a modern mental disorder of grave proportions. What are we going to do about it?

A Time for Strong Nerves

The jumpiness which has had much of the world in its grip since the fighting ended is more than Britain, at any rate, can afford. This is a time for strong nerves and resolute purpose. Selfishness, Indifference, Materialism—intensely harmful attitudes to life—are each shared by some. But Fear affects all.

We are all, in various degrees, growing scared of our alarming world.

The first thing is to have a look at Fear's habits. Fear is always the same. What differs from time to time is the disguise he wears. Most familiar of all today, perhaps, is the apparition of the Next War; a figure draped in the white cloak of cascading foam produced by the Bikini bomb. Millions who saw that picture had another jerk given to nerves already shaken.

But there is more than the next war in his repertoire. He walks as the Next Slump, too, a stoop-shouldered form hunched up as the dole queues were, or shuffling, singing a doleful hymn,

TENED PEOPLE

as once Welsh miners did in the gutters of Piccadilly. And to these major disguises are added a whole range of lesser ones, fears of change, fears of personal misfortunes.

Only a few weeks ago a woman drowned herself, convinced she had an incurable disease. The inquest revealed that she was perfectly healthy. What killed her was Fear—coming to her frequently in a dread disguise. That could happen to our civilization as well.

When President Roosevelt said "The only thing we have to fear is fear," he meant exactly that. Many of our fears are imaginary. If the future holds perils it also holds wonderful possibilities. But a mass loss of nerve at this crucial point really could have fatal results.

To come upon the unsuspecting in a whole variety of different forms is, then, the first of Fear's habits. But his choice of victims also has to be watched.

Wear and Tear of Living

Fear chooses the jumpy. Many of his successes would never come off at all were half the world not in a state of nervous exhaustion. It has been estimated that the nervous wear and tear of living during the past thirty years far exceeds that of any comparable period in history. Nervously speaking, it has been a terrible time, not only in terms of war, but because of the constant changes —birth-throes of a new age—which have gone with it. Chain-smoking and an inability to sit still are comparatively small wounds to incur in so gigantic a struggle.

We are not really weaker nerved than earlier generations. Those who condemn us, frowning especially upon the young, would do well to remember that we have not developed a neurasthenic, jitterbugging civilization just for fun. It would have been interesting to see how the Victorians would have turned out if their youth had been passed in an air-raid shelter, or what Gladstone would really have said in eighty-eight if, the night before, a V2 had dropped nearby.

If our nerves are twitchy, they have cause to be so. If Fear, dressed up as a war scare or slump, is having such a time with us now, it is partly because circumstances have put us into a very highly responsive nervous state. We should get this clear in justification of ourselves.

But an urgent priority task, which all of us can tackle straight away, is to help *stop the spread of fear.*

This is every bit as important as, in the material sphere, it is to see that there is no repetition of last year's disastrous fenland floods. Fear is catching. This Big Bad Wolf, unlike the Disney one, relies on his victims to do his huffing and puffing for him.

To spread alarm and despondency now is at least as grave a matter as during the war. To do even the slightest thing to bring another war nearer is a serious offence, like broadcasting for the enemy. War talk *is* broadcasting for the enemy. The enemy is *Fear.*

The type who mutters darkly that he knows a chap who has a pal who knows for a fact that the flying saucers had Russian writing on them is a great deal more than a joke. Multiply him by millions, put him behind all frontiers, and you get the measure of his menace.

So with the Next Slump merchant, the man who goes about selling the idea that economic recovery is impossible because of something inherently wrong with our system—or with us; or because our guts, in some mysterious way, have all gone since 1945, so that the answer to the question, "Stands Britain where she did?" is a gloomy and fearful "No."

These people have already done us great harm, not least among our friends. And they are doing Fear's job for him, and doing it well.

How much reality is there behind the apprehensions of today's Frightened People? The fact has to be faced that our fears regarding the future of the world we live in—aggravated as they are by the state of our nerves—have an undeniable basis.

Another war *would* be inconceivably disastrous. And a breakdown of our trading and monetary system—above all, any failure of Britain to bring off convincing recovery—*would* bring about a state of affairs in which even the chance to recover might not recur in our time.

We are moving, all of us, through an exceptionally dangerous spot upon the sea of time. If our nerve fails, and our fears come true, we shall founder. But if we resolutely press on, the chances are that we shall eventually break through to broader horizons than most of us have ever known before. Fear as a workable attitude in such a situation can be written off. It won't help, and it won't do.

Toughness is not Enough

There are two other attitudes, each the opposite of the other, and between which we may well have to choose as time goes by and the struggle for tomorrow is intensified.

The first is typified by the action of the master of a little coaster. Caught in dangerous waters by a sudden gale, the ship looked like becoming a total wreck. Her captain took an axe and stove in the ship's boat. "Now," he said to the crew, "now get her home!" That is the tough way—the sink or swim attitude. In essence, it is the same kind of thinking which inspired the "work or want" posters—now rightly condemned. Fear is not a good incentive. Fear of war never yet prevented one. Nor did fear of want ever fill anyone's belly for long.

What we really need—and this is the second of the two attitudes possible for us now—is a new inspiration, a new heart-warming confidence in our kind and in our world, in place of today's gloomy headshakings and whispered forebodings of what is really going on in the darkness of rumour around us. Whether we can achieve this renewed confidence is a pressing question.

What we need is typified by what many mothers used to do when we woke up, as children, in the dark, and were scared. They gave us a light. Remember? Only a little one would do. But that tiny flame steadily burning in its saucer made all the difference.

That wasn't a fear, Russian or otherwise, behind the wardrobe, after all. It was just somebody's suitcase. And the hooded figure by the door, whose clothes fell slack, like the spectre of famine, was only one of mother's dresses hanging up. The world was still full of safe, familiar things. All we needed was a little light to see them by. We need that light now. Its name is Hope.

The fact that for so many people it has gone out is the root cause of the world's jitters. As a cause of fear it is more important than nervous exhaustion; more serious than the acknowledged reality behind our fears, because it paralyses the will to deal with them.

Why it has gone out is part of the story of our times.

The Forward March Goes On

Two world wars have had a lot to do with it. Many are afraid of the future because the past has been so grim. And where so much has come to an end, people wonder what can last. The reassurance, the basic hope millions need now is that the surrounding darkness of our temporary difficulties still contains safe, familiar things—love, honesty, mercy, justice, and the promise that the forward march of ordinary people, away from old tyrannies and crumbling exploitations, is still going on.

It is. If today's Frightened People could come by only a little light of hope, they would see it. For among all the difficulties and obvious dangers which surround us, there are signs of extraordinary promise for the future. The war horror of the concentration camp needs to be balanced against the peace horror, once viewed with complacency, of child labour in the mines, now gone for ever. And the passing shabbiness in which we live to be compared with the filthy slum squalor in which some existed only yesterday.

But with Hope, we have to remember, go Faith and Charity. They hang together. They are the very opposites of those dark things which even now hold too many in their grip—Fear, Indifference, Selfishness, Materialism. Hope we must have, because by its light we can overcome our fears. Faith is essential—a truth our materialistic age needs to grasp anew.

And with charity replacing selfishness, in tens of thousands of hearts, "with malice towards none," in Abraham Lincoln's famous words, "with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," there is, in sober fact, no reason why we, the people of Britain, should not lead the way towards a genuinely brighter tomorrow.

THE PIPERS OF CAMDEN TOWN

by HUBERT COLE

You either like bagpipes or you don't; it may depend on whether you're a Scot or not. But you don't have to be a Scot to make them. . . . Second article in the John Bull series on Other People's Lives

SINCE THE DAYS when Bruce led the North Britons to their victory over the Sassenachs at Bannockburn, there has been concealed but bitter tension between the two countries. The Scots (despite Dr. Johnson) have infiltrated until they control not only the Colonies but the home country itself.

The red-nosed English comics have traduced Aberdonians and Glaswegians and Edinburghers in decade after decade of music-hall jokes. The brutal redcoats have butchered Highlanders at Culloden. The Highlanders have replied by exporting bagpipes southward.

To that final refinement of cruelty the English had for long found no answer. At tattoos and public dinners and in quiet London squares, the tortured sheepskin squealed with impunity. From Balmoral, the fifth column long ago penetrated the other Royal homes at Sandringham, Windsor and Buckingham Palace—and even established a cell of girl pipers among the commoners of Dagenham.

Now comes the English retort. From a converted shop in Camden Town, North London, where "pipers" are more usually associated with the *News*, *Star* and *Standard*, Henry Starck is directing Operation Counterblast.

For more than seventy years the Starck family, without a single drop of Scottish blood, has been manufacturing bagpipes and selling them to renegade Englishmen, expatriate Scotsmen and nostalgic colonials. And today they can report the final triumph. They have broken down the Scottish defences, marched, swaying and skirling, across the Border, and sold five sets of the barbaric instruments to the Scotsmen themselves, to be played in the Isle of Arran.

The story of the great endeavour begins in 1876, when Grandfather Henry Starck was contentedly fabricating flutes in North London. To him one day came the imposing Pipe-Major Ross, personal piper to Queen Victoria. Ross wanted pipes made near at hand, and persuaded old Mr. Starck to have a go. The experiment was a success and Starck was soon selling sets to the Scots Guards and exporting them to the Colonies.

His son, Albert, became an instructor in the London Irish Rifles (though there is no Irish blood in the family, either), and presently the London Irish were playing on the Starck Patent Brian Boru Warpipes, with Albert as pipe-major. In the course of time, Henry, Albert's son, took over direction of the business and is now turning out about 250 sets of pipes a year, together with sundry flutes if he can get materials for the fittings.

Visit to the Bagpipe King

To call on Henry, you avoid the main door of the shop and go through the side door, up steep wooden stairs, past the stirrup pump on the landing, and turn right into his office. This has a desk, a glass case displaying a set of pipes against a Royal Stuart backdrop, framed testimonials from the Capetown Industrial Exhibition of 1904-5 and the Irish International Exhibition of 1907, and an upright piano with a Brahms waltz on the music stand.

Here Henry, thin, with a high-pitched voice and a flautist's firm hand-grip, fills up the interminable forms with which bureaucracy has burdened the bagpipe business and, when tired and depressed, restores himself with a little music. Though Albert is still alive, he takes little part in the business these days. The active members are Henry, his sister, his brother, another relative, an ex-Serviceman and an apprentice.

Downstairs, in the converted shop, are lathes and a circular saw, plus a dartboard, cups and tins of tea and milk, huge logs of African blackwood (at £50 a ton) and a blackboard showing production progress on such odd items as ferrules, tenor stocks and blow sticks. The Starcks moved into the premises in 1940, through a contact with a former cornet player in the London Irish band who had previously had the place converted, quite appropriately, into a factory where he could pursue his trade of tube-bending.

Henry Starck, the Londoner who makes bagpipes. Playing them is an antidote to form-filling

Though there are lathes installed, all the work is done by hand. Downstairs the logs of wood are split in half and sawn into lengths, roughed and bored, turned and mounted. The wood is very hard and full of natural oil. Fourteen separate pieces go to one set of bagpipes. Twenty-four sets are usually made in one batch. The mountings come in nickel silver, imitation ivory and real ivory.

Upstairs, amid a welter of bits and pieces, more cups and tins, and a cat dozing on a shelf, the reeds are inserted, the joints lapped and varnished, the thick sheepskin bags attached, the tartan cords and covers fitted. The reeds come from Spain, the sheepskins from England, but the tartan still has to be a Scottish product.

Plastic? A Bit Revolutionary

The tone depends on the reed, and Henry thinks it possible that a more reliable article might be made in plastic, but doubts if the traditionalists would ever permit that. The price is dictated mainly by the quality of the fittings, and ranges from £15 to £37 10s.

The sound is produced by filling the sheepskin with air, squeezing it between the arm and the side, and twiddling a tune on the chanter while the drone pipes emit a bass A and tenor A. Scottish pipes have three drones, Irish pipes usually only two, but the notes are the same. In the Starck Patent Brian Boru Pipes the third drone is a baritone E and there is a four-keyed chanter which, according to Dr. Grattan Flood, "gives a perfect diatonic scale, with three introductory notes and one above from E on the first treble line to B above the staff." It still, however, makes a noise like bagpipes.

The tuning is done by ear. Henry himself sometimes plays the bagpipes, but more usually calls on his father to test new models. Henry finds that blowing into the sheepskin hardens the muscles of the mouth and spoils the upper lip for flute testing.

Though most of the sets are sold in the home market (on a restricted quota, which can be exceeded if you get a chit from the Board of Education!), there is a great demand for them overseas as well. The Starck pipes get to some of the oddest places: thirty have been sent to New York in the past nine months.

Henry, though he doesn't do much blowing himself, can quite understand the maniacal devotion with which pipers cherish their instruments. He says the pipes are the only single portable instrument which is complete in itself. "The chanter provides the tune, the drones the accompaniment, and a man can tuck his pipes under his arm and set off happily for a day in the woods to make music on his own." A suggestion which may be heartily recommended to all pipers.

When Nero Wasn't Fiddling

On one point, Henry is very firm: the pipes are *not* a purely Scottish preserve. "In fact, though you will find they always deny it, they got them from the Irish." Which, if it were commonly known in the seventeenth century, may explain some of Cromwell's excesses.

Bagpipes are, in fact, both ancient and universal. They crop up as the *cornemuse* in France, the *Sackpfeife* or *Dudelsack* in Germany, the *bignou* in Brittany, the *ascaulus* in Greece and the *tibia utricularis* among the ancient Romans. Before that, the Persians had them, and probably the Chaldeans and Egyptians. It was the Romans who first introduced them to Britain.

It is not without significance that Nero, when not fiddling at fires, was a great one for twiddling on his *tibia utricularis*. Which is just another reason why you and I and Henry Starck should reserve our semi-stiff upper lips for the flute.

THE CIRCUS

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

Meldron the poacher and Watkins the keeper had one thing in common—but it wasn't till the circus came to town that they realized it

THE FIRST NEWS of the circus came with a small titch of a man putting up posters in the village. Every wall in Plas seemed to be covered with the gay coloured placards. With the pictures of the elephants and the polar bear with a huge ball on the end of his nose.

Posters covering the wall of the station warehouse and the one blank wall of the chip shop where a "Paste No Bills" sign had been fixed for years.

Big posters in the big blank spaces of the walls and the long narrow bills on every little wall. So that walking down the street it seemed that new gay life had come to Plas with the posters.

And up at the school the little man had called to see Mr. Rhys the Schoolmaster. Left a free ticket for Mr. Rhys and many little handbills for the children. So that every house in Plas which had children had news of the circus. And who else but those with children would want to see a circus?

Even before the posters were dry, there were the little groups around some of the big bills. Looking first at the date and seeing if that clashed with any of the harvest festivals or a darts match.

Meldron the Poacher was one of the first to look at the posters. And long after the grown-ups had left and gone again about their business, he stayed before the extra large poster on the wall of the station warehouse.

A tall, sad man was Meldron, who lived by poaching, and all the village knew it, even Watkins the Gamekeeper. A gentle war between these two was natural. Made all the worse, though, by the discovery which Watkins made that he was not the only man who bought the *Gamekeeper's Gazette* in Plas, but that Meldron the Poacher also bought it each week.

The pictures of the circus and of the polar bear with the ball on the end of its nose fascinated Meldron. For he loved animals and any time you might see a ferret poking its pink nose out of one of his pockets. And he was friends with every cat in the village. Talking to them in a queer sort of way so that they answered him in little half mews. And scampered around his feet—even the big long-haired cat from the Vicarage.

Even in the little cottage which he housekept himself, he would have the cats visit him. Meldron knocking a pane clean out of his kitchen window so that the cats of the whole parish might come and go just as they liked.

Lions and polar bears. And when Meldron had to leave the posters when dark came, his mind was full of the circus, the strange animals and the wonderful polar bear which could balance a ball on its nose.

Watkins met Meldron in the Top Spinney the day before the circus. Not that there was anything wrong in Meldron being in the Top Spinney. For it was broad daylight and there was a footpath right through the wood.

"Trespassing, Meldron?"

"Rights of the people. Footpath this is, Watkins, and perfect right I have to walk here all day."

"We shall close the path some day, Meldron, and then it'll be barbed wire every inch of the way."

Meldron put out his small brown hand to strip a piece of ivy from one of the trees by the path. Watkins cocked his gun and took a step back, the barrel pointed at Meldron's ankles.

"Now then, stop that, I say. No right you have to pick or touch a tree."

Meldron patted the ivy back into place with his tiny hand and then—"Why, Watkins, with that gun you should have been a lion tamer."

"Think you that I could not tame lions, Meldron the Poacher?"

Meldron thought that Watkins was joking and so he didn't laugh. But then he saw that Watkins meant it, so he started to smile.

"You, you of all people, Watkins? Why, you shoot animals, not tame them."

"But you poach, Meldron."

"Only, Watkins bach, when it is necessary."

WITH that they went off, one each way. For it was like that between them. Great enemies officially, and yet the little play of words showing that deep down they understood each other. And men can hardly understand each other and be real enemies.

The circus moved into Plas early on the Wednesday morning. A long line of brightly painted lorries was the first to come. Backing into the field opposite "The Foxes," as if they had been used to driving the wagons through the narrow opening with only the few inches to spare, every day for years. Pistell, the landlord at "The Foxes," watching carefully from an upstairs window to make sure they did not harm the two stone gateposts.

When Meldron came along at about half past ten, they had already dug a deep hole in the centre of the field. Putting the soil carefully in a sack to fill in the hole before they went. For Pistell had said that the hole for the centre pole must be filled in before they went away. The field must be smooth and level, he said, and all papers picked.

Meldron stood by, watching. They had

Meldron and Watkins sat side by side entranced, hardly speaking

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

set the wagons around the edge of the field. By now, too, the caravans and one or two cars had come in, the women doing washing in dolly tubs and setting up lines between the wagons for the clothes to dry.

The big centre pole was on a long, low lorry. This the men backed up to the hole. Queer men they were, some tall and with clipped moustaches. Others broad in the shoulder but small in the height. And all working to a plan.

Pulling the centre pole into the deep hole with another lorry and then raising it in the air. Then the big tent wound up by a pulley. Ropes stretched out far into the field and held by small guy poles. The canvas draped out over the ropes and pulled taut.

Never in his life had Meldron seen men raise a tent so quick, so sound and so smooth. He thought of the whole day it took to raise the marquee for the Plas Flower Show, and the way it had all suddenly descended the one year. Burying all the committee as they sat there having their lunch.

IT was midday before the next bit of the circus came. Meldron had been on the verge of going home to have his dinner when he heard the trotting of horses far up the road. A regular clip-clop such as was seldom heard these days, and as if a whole cavalry regiment were trotting into Plas.

Meldron the Poacher went up to the small, fat tub of a woman who alone was setting up the pay bench by the gate. Rolling the big box end over end as if it had been a matchbox. Meldron gave her a hand and she in turn gave him a quick flash of a smile. Lasting only a few seconds and reserved normally for those who took the highest priced seats.

"Your horses, those coming in the distance?"

She nodded, and Meldron expected to see her big gilded earrings dangle backwards and forwards with her head. But they stayed still, seeming to be a part of her ear and not dangling separate.

"Yes," she said. "Our horses bringing in more vans. Animals."

"Lions and the polar bears in vans dragged by horses?"

"Yes." She turned to go. "You'll see them all tonight, though."

"Stop!" Meldron called, and went a few steps after her, for she moved fast in spite of her weight.

"Stop! Tell me, please, those earrings, why do they not dangle?"

"Part of me, lad. My dad had my ears pierced when I was only ten, and had these big rings put in. Wanted me to be an acrobat. Said that the rings would flash lovely and beautiful under the lights. But I was no acrobat for I was too fat. The rings have become part of the flesh of my ears, lad. And I'm only the box-woman." She seemed to have said too much then, for she went away from him with a waddling run.

And Meldron turned to watch the horses, for they were trotting up the road now and slowing up. The animals had come.

There were three vans drawn by a team of piebald ponies. Long tailed, well groomed ponies, but standing tired now in the way they stood on three legs, resting the fourth.

The vans, big square boxes boarded up all over with big shutters held in place by iron bars and padlocks. Air vents at the top and two of the vans labelled *LIONS* in big yellow letters. While the third van had the words *THE POLAR BEAR* in white letters on the black boards.

Girls driving the horses. They drove in the teams to "The Foxes" field with "gee-ups" in high-pitched voices. Drove the animal vans right round to the back of the big tent.

Meldron followed them, for already he could hear the scuffling and the noise of the lions. But all was quiet from the van of the polar bear.

Soon they drove Meldron away from the field. The afternoon performance was due to start at three o'clock and they wanted all strangers from the field, so the attendants came and moved Meldron away. Men whom Meldron had seen in the morning in patched flannel trousers and roll-on sweaters now wore blue uniforms with gold on the sleeves and silver bars across their chests. They just tapped Meldron on the shoulder and jerked him away with their dirty thumbs.

On the way out Meldron passed the fat lady in the box, a long queue of children already waiting on her. She gave him a little wave of the hand and flicked the earring on one side of her head with a thumb and finger.

Meldron the Poacher went down the street, for he was hungry now and there was the meal to be had and the Sunday clothes to be got into so that he could go along to the evening performance at six o'clock.

Half way down the street he met Watkins the Gamekeeper, all smart in his best plus-fours and a velvet waistcoat.

"Where going, Watkins?"

"To the circus, Meldron the Poacher. Where I hear you have been loitering all the day."

"Better than rearing pheasants, anyhow, Watkins. But why, 'tis only the young for this performance. They'll not let an old man like you go in."

Meldron could see the pain in Watkins's face, the way his eye narrowed and his mouth drooped. So he went on: "... not an old man you are, Watkins, but old compared with kids from school. So see here. You go to 'The Foxes' to wait for a couple of hours and then we'll go to the last performance together at six o'clock, letting bygones be bygones. We'll go together, right?"

Watkins the Gamekeeper nodded. "Ay, right, Meldron, but come half an hour early so that we may have the pint together."

FOR the first time in many years Watkins the Gamekeeper and Meldron the Poacher were together in their best clothes, Meldron wearing now a neat, well-creased suit which he kept under the mattress of his bed. At first there had been the mark of the mattress wires on the clothes. But now he had learned the knack of putting them away between the stout sheets of cardboard.

The two of them walking from "The Foxes." Only the plus fours and velvet waistcoat to show that Watkins was a gamekeeper. And only the small hands of Meldron to show his gentleness and the way he had with animals.

They went in to the pay box and had their tickets. But no smile now for Meldron. And at first he was hurt at this change in the woman. Till he realized that it was he who had changed. The double-breasted suit altered him, made him like the rest of them.

They went into the tent, Watkins leading the way, looking like the squire himself in his plus fours, only the velvet waistcoat giving him away.

Meldron followed behind, his eye to the ground, for he, being a man of the open, always felt awkward and shy in going into closed places with lots of people in them. But Watkins had cheek for them both, and soon they were both settled on the wider planking which was the second-best seats.

Safe there, Meldron looked round the tent. First up to the top, for he had wondered since morning how it looked from the inside. The big centre pole seemed so solid and firm, though he had only that day seen them raising it up.

Watkins nudged him. "The band," he whispered. The band was three. Two old men playing a fiddle and trumpet, and a young lad with drums.

MELDRON THE POACHER sat side by side with Watkins the Gamekeeper, entranced for the next hour and a half. The both of them hardly speaking the one to the other, and all the time watching the clowns and the prancing horses, the little monkeys and the girls on the slack wire.

And then came the polar bear. But first they had made a cage enclosing the ring, lengths of iron cagework bolted together and leaving a little iron runway at the back, the clowns running and tumbling in the meanwhile all around the outside of the cage.

But Meldron and Watkins watching the cage being quickly built.

And then came in the polar bear. In with a little run to the centre of the cage.

"See, Meldron, see how big he is."

"Ay, Watkins, but see the man. He has a whip."

Just a short-handled whip which the trainer cracked so that the long lash whistled right up to the top of the cage. A little broad-shouldered man with a thin red face.

Watkins the Gamekeeper and Meldron the Poacher didn't stay to see the lions. They didn't even see the end of the polar bear act, with the balancing of the ball on the nose. A clever act, so all the villagers said afterwards.

THEY left together, going out quietly, some of the people turning to look at them. Outside it was already getting dark and there was a queue forming for the very last performance at eight.

They passed the lady in the pay box. She looked up from her tickets and called to Meldron.

"Leaving before the end?"

Meldron just nodded and then went along with Watkins, a little ashamed to be talking thus to these people.

Before they said good night they had a little talk.

"It was the whip, Watkins bach. Why, no chance at all there for an animal. Even pheasants have a chance."

"Ay, Meldron, so it is. And even in poaching there are no iron bars. Your ferrets are always loose in your pockets and can run away if they like."

"No cages for me, Watkins, no cages for me. I never shut the door even on my cats."

"And there's a hen pheasant in the Bottom Spinney, Meldron, who is my special pet and pride. They'll never shoot her, Meldron, for I hide her in my own house when there is a shoot on."

Meldron the Poacher nodded, as if he had understood and known this all the years.

And so it was as old friends they said good night and parted.

"The pastry is as heavy as lead, Emma!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Nothing to Get Excited About

WHAT an awful lot of grumblers there are nowadays. A mild unhappiness has settled on the nation like some strange epidemic. I meet people every day who say to me: "Nothing makes sense any more. What's it all for anyway?"

I think some of the fault lies with the politicians. There is so little that is warm and human in their approach to ordinary folk whose everyday lives are so vitally affected by their "plans," "regulations" and "orders."

It's no doubt very wrong of me, but I simply can't get all excited about something called "The State." I can see what the politicians mean by it in their cold, intellectual way, but as an ordinary chap with a living to earn and a life to live, with human relationships to cultivate and personal problems to solve every day, I just can't lash myself into enthusiasm about such an academic abstraction.

Old Dr. Johnson had a much surer approach to the heart of ordinary, everyday people than any politician ever born.

"To be happy at home," he said, "is the ultimate result of all ambition."

As a broadcaster, Robert Tredennick used to get children's own reactions to likely material. The young know what they want and can see through disguised "lessons"

Will the children like it?

by ROBERT TREDENNICK

Will it do them good or harm? Some so-called children's entertainment makes even parents blush. Children are a specialized public — so handle with care!

ARE WE LACKING IN RESPECT for the public of the future—the children? I think we are. And until this attitude is changed, it is idle to talk of improving standards of public taste in the arts and entertainment.

True, there are today a number of earnest people who are pushing forward plans for the development of the mental background of children, but they are in a minority.

The facts are that children listen to radio entertainment not specially designed for them, with anything but happy results; they read stories in newspapers, magazines and books which quite often make their parents blush; they see stage and film shows to which they should not be admitted even though in the company of a grown-up.

When I was in the United States twelve years ago I was horrified at the type of radio material put over to the children of America. I had myself done a good deal of broadcasting in our own Children's Hour from Birmingham and I could not believe that those responsible for similar programmes over the U.S. networks knew what they were doing.

To confirm my own distasteful impressions I talked to a cross-section of American parents. Almost unanimously they deplored what was being transmitted for juvenile listeners — but they accepted it as just one of those things.

My next move was to speak to the chief of one of the major radio networks in America. He smiled when I deplored the type of material that was presented to children over the air. Then he made this startling remark: "I guess you may be right, but American kids are wild little creatures!"

That was twelve years ago. There has been a war since then, a war in which some of those "wild little creatures" have been killed and wounded; a war during which "wild little creatures" showered candy and gum on every child of every colour they saw. Yet American radio continues to put over the usual *unworthy* material for children.

As a writer of children's stories I am the last to want to put a damper on any child's enjoyment. But most thinking people surely realize that the future of the world depends on the background of childhood and youth.

In these days mass entertainment and instruction have perhaps as much influence on children as the classroom or even the home. What, then, has happened in these fields?

I think we can agree that the B.B.C.'s programmes for children are, on the whole, well balanced, interesting, instructive and healthy. But the radio is only one form of relaxation.

Lesson in Safe-breaking

Much of what is said about children's cinema clubs is damning. Recently I was at three different film shows for children.

One of the films devoted precious minutes to the opening of a safe with a blow-lamp. This sequence was not shown just once but "flashed back" at least three times. Many children may like to imagine themselves bandits or pirates, but it is a mistake to show them how to become crooks so deliberately. In an audience of a thousand children there may be only one child who will take such a lesson in crime too much to heart, but it's a poor lookout for this country if even one person in a thousand is to be set on the path of crime at an early age.

The second children's film I saw was a Russian product, beautifully acted and photographed—but I don't speak Russian and I guarantee none of the youngsters in the audience spoke it either. Admittedly a tired voice gave a running commentary in English, but it was *such* a tired and magnanimous voice that I found two children sitting next to me yawning and eventually they dropped off to sleep. Children hate being "talked down to," and are fully aware when it is happening.

In their different ways, both of these films showed that the producers and exhibitors didn't match up to their responsibilities. In the first case, they didn't know what was good for children; in the second case, they didn't know how to make good material understandable and attractive to children.

The third film I saw was an old Keystone Cops comedy. There was plenty of slapstick, plenty of impossible situations—and wherever the producers aimed at a laugh they got a real honest-to-goodness belly laugh from the children in the audience. The producers of this short were aware of what they were doing. Their aim was harmless amusement and they achieved it. Other producers please copy!

Films for children can do much good or irrevocable harm. I feel that at the moment the trend is towards the latter.

From the cinema let us turn to the theatre. A Children's Theatre was started a few years ago. Many of the children catered for had never been inside a theatre in their lives. So it was a fine idea —provided it stimulated an intelligent interest in the theatre that would be sustained through youth into adulthood. But it was soon proved that if the main fare at children's theatres consists of "educational" plays, the idea will flop. Children may enjoy seeing performances of the classics at school, but for their relaxation they want something specially designed for themselves.

In the early days of the Children's Theatre I saw a production of *Great Expectations* in the East End of London. The schoolchildren of varying ages who made up the audience were well behaved and obviously interested—until a love element was introduced. This made them laugh—not with but at the show, which lost its value.

Of all forms of relaxation perhaps books and gramophone records can have the most direct personal influence on children. One may buy books by the hundred for a child, yet he may never really read any of them because he prefers something of his own choice. There is a variety of books for children of all ages; it is up to parents to see that the book suits the child.

Big Names Don't Impress

The choice of suitable gramophone records is more restricted. Manufacturers of records admit that records for children, particularly small children, are under-represented in their lists. So far they have done little to rectify the omission.

A child does not need an elaborately arranged piece of music. Neither is he impressed by a string of well-known names on a record label. There are so many things that could be set down on the wax for the benefit and pleasure of the child of today.

Positive steps should be taken to meet the requirements of children; who are a specialized and vital section of the public.

If better standards of public taste are to be achieved, at least as much heed must be paid to the requirements of youth as is at present given to the wishes and preferences of adults.

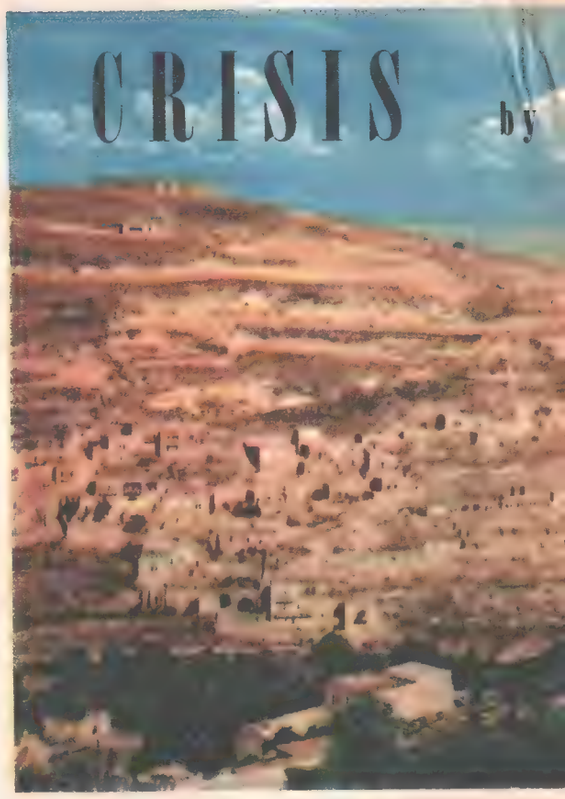
A lot can be done in the home to stimulate good taste in children. But much that is done within the home circle can be undone by thoughtless and unintelligent handling of entertainment for the child public outside. No one wants to see his children growing up into unruly thugs. No one wants them to be labelled "wild little creatures."

Give them the best in the kind of entertainment they like, and they'll benefit from it.

PALESTINE'S YEAR OF CRISIS

by

What's going to happen when British troops leave Palestine? Even given goodwill instead of hate between Jew and Arab, partition would be difficult to work. And signs are that Palestine may be involved in a wider struggle for power. The United Nations cannot afford merely to wait and hope for the best



Under partition plan, Jerusalem will be separate fr

IF NOTHING ELSE HAPPENED IN 1948, it would still be memorable in history as the year in which Israel, always a nation, once more became a state. The United Nations has decided on the partition of Palestine; on the creation of a Jewish state. "And it shall be that the Lord shall bring thee into the land of the Canaanites, which He swore unto thy fathers to give thee, a land flowing with milk and honey."

After the dark journey of nearly 2,000 years, the Wandering Jew is coming home. After the nightmare culmination in the abominable abattoirs of Hitlerism, in which *six million* Jews were exterminated, the survivors see a light. The ancient dream of Zion, born in the flames of Jerusalem in the year A.D. 70, is coming true.

But only in part, and under the worst of auspices. The new nation will consist of only 5,000 square miles, an island in a hostile sea of Arabs. The Arabs have refused to accept the United Nations plans; their leaders have sworn a holy war to prevent the partition of a country which they regard passionately as their own. The emotions involved on both sides are as deep and bitter as can be—and the almost hopeless thing is that both sides are right.

May is Danger Month

Never was there a more tragic example of two rights making a wrong, yet neither Arab nor Jew will admit the slightest vestige of reason on the other side. A highly educated and civilized Jewish friend actually told me that I was "lacking in compassion" because I said there was such a thing as an Arab point of view!

This great issue will inflame the Middle East and excite the world before the summer is over. Britain has announced her intention to end her mandate on May 15 and turn Palestine over to the United Nations. That will be a day of serious crisis, followed by bloodshed, chaos and perhaps war. Moreover, Palestine is part of the larger canvas of the world-wide struggle for power between Russia and America.

It may be well to examine the arguments of both Jew and Arab.

Zion is written on the heart of Jewry. The Jews have yearned for a national home, for a state and country of their own, ever since the Dispersal. As long ago as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries emotional crusades ran through Jewry in favour of resettlement in Palestine. In 1666 a Jew named Sabbatai Zevi proclaimed he was the Messiah, and Jews everywhere prepared for the return.

Modern Zionism began about a century ago with the terrible pogroms in Russia. The world's conscience was aroused, and in 1903 the British Government actually offered the Jews an area of 6,000 square miles in East Africa. Many Zionists wished to accept, but the majority insisted on Palestine. The ancient dream first came within sight of achievement with the Balfour Declaration, made in 1917 with the agreement of France and Italy, and later endorsed by the League of Nations and the United States.

The first World War was going badly in 1917, and the Balfour Declaration was made by the Lloyd George Government to rally the support of world Jewry. "His Majesty's Government," ran the famous statement, "views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object." Later it was agreed that the Jews should be given Palestine and Transjordan, an area of 45,000 square miles. The overjoyed Zionists took this as a solemn promise. The people of the Bible were to have the land of the Bible after centuries of woe.

But while all this was happening, Lawrence of Arabia and other British spokesmen were making promises of a different kind—to the Arabs. Britain withdrew with her left hand what she gave with her right. This double-dealing has bedevilled the problem ever since (even President Roosevelt was guilty of it in his interview with Ibn Saud). And, in any case, the Arabs were saying: "Palestine for the Jews? Never! Palestine is an Arab country; the Jews are foreigners. Why should they have our land?"

And so began the bitter struggle between these two hostile branches of the stubborn Semitic race.

Palestine was made a British mandate. Jewish immigrants and Jewish capital began to flow in, until today there are 700,000 Jews in the little country, as well as over 1,000,000 Arabs.

The zealous, intelligent immigrants soon began to wake Palestine out of her ancient stagnation and make the desert bloom. They drained the swamps, turned thousands of acres of sand and rock into gardens, orange groves and rich farms. They brought hospitals and schools, university and science and culture. They built splendid new towns. They gave the lie to the old jibe that the Jew is a parasite who never produces real wealth.

Progressive; Primitive

On the first morning I was ever in Palestine, during the Syrian campaign of 1941, I left Lake Galilee to drive to the battlefront twenty miles away. On the way I saw several excellent Jewish communal settlements, fine new villages, irrigation projects, electric plants. The Jews had created beauty and prosperity out of the desert.

On the way back the same evening I got lost in the adjacent hills, and found myself in squalid, primitive, teeming Arab villages, where the people live as they lived in the time of Christ. The coloured illustrations in the family Bible came to life, but without the glamour. I saw the ancient wells, the sheep and the goats, the thistles among the thin wheat trying to grow in the rocks. It was an astonishing contrast to the Jewish settlements a few miles away.

But is that an argument in favour of the Jewish case? The Arabs passionately say no. As King Abdullah said: "Are we to lose our birthright because we are poor husbandmen? . . . And we, too, could make the desert bloom if we had rich relatives in New York pouring in millions of dollars."

Thin End of Wedge?

Bitterly the Arabs cry that Britain has betrayed them. "We have been your friends in two world wars, and now you hand the richest corner of our Arabian deserts to an alien race.

"You shall not do it. Palestine has been ours for nearly 2,000 years—longer than Britain has been yours. We accepted the Jews at first, as a religious sect fleeing from persecution. We gave them sanctuary. And now they are trying to eject us from our own house. It is nothing less than monstrous. So far you are giving them only half of Palestine, but they make no secret of their determination to own the whole country. They will come in hundreds of thousands, overflow into the rest of Palestine, and gradually drive us out.

"Another point: the democracy of which you are so proud is based on the will of the majority. But the United Nations decision to partition Palestine is an open violation of the will of the majority, which is Arab."

Finally, an Arab leader in London said frankly: "The Jews insist on Palestine as a refuge from the violence of Europe. They are making a terrible mistake—the worst mistake they ever made. They will not be murdered in Palestine, as you Christians murdered them in Europe. They will be killed in a war which we have every moral right to wage—just as you would kill anyone who tried to drive you out of Britain."

No one not blinded by passion can deny that the Arabs have a powerful case. What legal right had the British Government and the League of Nations,

m Arab and Jewish zones—but can it hold aloof?

and later the United Nations, to give the Jews another people's country? None, of course; no legal right.

And when I argued with an Arab prince that partition was a lesser injustice than the greater one of denying the Jews a home, he replied: "There's no more reason why half Palestine should go to the Jews than half Texas or half New Zealand or part of the Argentine." Which is irrefutable. It brands the barefaced hypocrisy of ourselves and the Americans, who have vast empty lands to spare; especially, I must say, of the Americans, whose immigration quota is actually designed to keep out Jews.

Morally, however, the Jews, too, have a powerful case, underlined for all time by the ghastly events of the last ten years. They are the sorest spot on the conscience of the Western world, and anti-Semitism has become one of the ugliest political phenomena of all history. For nearly twenty centuries the Gentiles have not only magnified into crimes the real faults and personal peculiarities of the Jews; they have also projected their own faults into the Jews and then made them the scapegoats.

Hounded Down the Ages

In the Middle Ages, for example, the only profession open to Jews was finance—and then they were called usurers, parasites. Hounded and exiled by imperial Rome, massacred in the Crusades, tortured and burned by the Holy Inquisition, massacred again in the tsarist pogroms, broken on every known wheel, they learned the Road of Sorrow stone by stone. The frightful end came in the twentieth century, when no less than six of the seven million Jews in Nazi Europe were deliberately butchered. I doubt if the enormity of this crime has yet sunk into the consciousness of mankind.

No one can blame the Jews for their passionate desire to put the charnel house of Europe behind them.

"We never left Palestine completely," they cry. "There have always been Jews there. And the Balfour Declaration became the solemn promise of the League of Nations. We have made the country the garden of the Middle East; made it so prosperous that Arabs have actually flocked back to it, not away from it. The Arab peasant works and lives quite amicably with his Jewish neighbour except when stirred to frenzy and religious hate by his leaders.

"And now the nations of the world have sat in council and decided that we should have half of Palestine. Greece was the only Western nation to vote against it. The United Nations ruling gives us very little. Only 5,000 square miles. That is all we ask as a sanctuary for the million Jewish D.P.s still despairing and rotting in the camps of Europe. And for this we will fight with the same ferocity with which we fought Titus in the siege of Jerusalem. It will be the ferocity of despair."

That, then, is an outline of the twisted and tortured background for the events to come this year. What will happen when the British leave?

Partition a Crazy Quilt

The first fact we have to face is that the partition scheme as worked out, or shoddied out, by the United Nations is a makepiece and crazy quilt thing. The new map of Palestine will be an ethnic, geographical and economic jigsaw puzzle—and it had to be so, because Palestine *is* such a jigsaw puzzle, with Arabs and Jewish communities hopelessly interlocked. There are to be two states, of course—Arab and Jew. But there will be about 400,000 Arabs living among the 700,000 Jews in the Jewish state of Eretz Yisrael; islands of Jews in the lakes of Moslems, and vice versa. Jerusalem is to be international.

And the economic problem is so complicated that while there are to be two governments, the two states are to form one customs union, with currency and other things in common. Even if there were goodwill on both sides the scheme would seem almost impossible to work.

But there is hate instead of goodwill. The Arabs have rejected the partition out and out, and will make no effort to make it work. The Jews are satisfied (for the moment). They have statehood again, and a country, however small, that they can call their own. Israel has a place to go after 2,000 years—but the Arabs swear they will drive him into the sea.

In a short, quick war against the Palestine Arabs, the Jews could win. Their army, Haganah, is well trained, well armed and fanatically, desperately determined.

Numbers Would Tell

In a longer war, however, the Arabs would win by weight of numbers. We hear much about the Arab League, which includes Transjordan, Iraq and Syria, but the cement of this coalition is pretty thin. The three are already quarrelling among themselves over which shall have the Arab part of Palestine.

But in a long struggle numbers would tell. Race and fanaticism would unite the nations of the League. The Jews would find themselves eventually pinched into an enclave or beachhead on the coast, and the stage would be set for another tragedy in the long Sorrow of Israel.

Surely, you may say, the United Nations will not let this happen? Surely a United Nations army or police force will be sent to maintain order in Palestine until the two new nations settle down?

One would think so. But so far the United Nations has done nothing about it. It has not even discussed an international force, though Canada has proposed one. Such a force would include Russian troops—and the United States does not want Russians in the Middle East on any terms. Neither does Britain.

As if the Palestine question were not tricky enough in itself, it becomes part of the global struggle for position and power. And the United Nations, which decided on partition, hides its eyes from the results of its decision and merely hopes for the best.

After the trouble starts, the United Nations will be bound to act. But it looks as if there will be disaster in Palestine first. Israel has not yet come home.

This girl's an Arab. She's yet to learn the hate which partition looks like aggravating

This girl's a Jew, survivor from Nazi Europe. Will Palestine offer sanctuary or new terror?

STUMPED—by their colour

by LEARIE CONSTANTINE

Constantine demonstrates one of his famous unorthodox drives

Weakness of the M.C.C. team has brought much criticism, but the West Indies have their troubles too—colour bias and split captaincy. Former West Indies Test player, L. Constantine, one of cricket's finest all-rounders, discusses both problems

AT LAST a coloured cricketer, George Headley, is captaining the West Indies in Test matches against the visiting M.C.C. side. This is a significant gesture. It has come none too soon. In Headley's own island of Jamaica there is an ever-growing racial consciousness, and the tricky issue of colour is probably brought into as much prominence on the sports field as anywhere else.

We coloured cricketers may make history, but only with an apologetic shrug, for Headley is not alone in command. In all, three skippers have been appointed for the four Tests—and the other two, Jeff Stollmeyer and John Goddard, happen to have white skins.

Twice I have taken charge of a Test eleven in the field—but only as a substitute. Thirteen years ago in Jamaica I took control when our white skipper sprained his ankle. We won by an innings and 161 runs.

The second occasion was at Lord's, when I was the only coloured member of a team which included famous Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans. When our captain fell ill before the game the team unanimously asked me to fill the vacancy. That was a gesture I shall never forget. We beat England by forty-five runs. But I was never asked to lead my own country.

C. R. Browne, a black man, captained a British Guiana side in Trinidad in 1922. Rumour said that Trinidad objected. No coloured man has captained an inter-Colonial side since—nor a Test match until the present year.

As the majority of any West Indies Test team is coloured, naturally it would prefer to be skippered by a coloured man.

Rumours About Headley

All sorts of rumours have come from the West Indies, where Headley is showing his mettle as the first coloured man to lead his country in Test cricket. Some say that British Guiana and Trinidad refused to allow a black man to lead a Test team in matches played in those islands. Others whisper that at first Headley refused to turn out in any island where prejudice is sufficiently ridiculous to create such a ban.

George is a "safety first" strategist, and he is undoubtedly the greatest cricketer and tactician on the spot. From the West Indies point of view it was a pity, though not all Headley's fault, that the first Test ended in a tame draw. Lately he has preferred bowling to batting. He can spin nasty leg-breaks. But his most deceptive speciality is a straight leg-break in which his fingers spin but not the ball.

What of the other Test captains, Jeff Stollmeyer and John Goddard? Stollmeyer is an attractive bat and very popular, but his ability to captain remains doubtful. I do not think he is good enough either as a student of cricket form or as a psychologist.

John Goddard, although he has quite a good record in inter-Colonial games, is untried in Test cricket. Rejecting, of course, the colour qualification, in my opinion he hardly comes up to the standard required of a Test captain.

Racial Feeling is Strong

I am afraid people in England do not realize the importance of the colour controversy, which seems to them trivial. But today very serious race consciousness and real resentment are loose in the West Indies.

I abhor any political flavour in cricket, whether it concerns bodyline bowling or captaincy. But neither the M.C.C. nor the West Indies cricket authorities can quite disregard the easily aroused and violent feelings of thousands of West Indian workmen. Cricket is their hasheesh, a drug which may inflame them to folly big enough to hit the European headlines.

There may be some rowdy Tests before the tour finishes. I would go so far as to say there may even be riots. I have only just returned to England from the West Indies, and I am writing about what I know.

The whole idea of splitting captaincy so that no skipper controls two successive Tests strikes me as being about the stupidest thing any board of selectors could have done.

"Friendly" in Name Only

Modern Test matches are not the cheery games they were when Jessop hit out and Blythe span and Grace was a perfect gentleman. Nowadays they resemble war, each battle playing a part in the winning or losing of the ensuing one. More than that, the ferocity of the campaign is not abated one whit in so-called "friendly" games in between actual Tests.

In these "friendly" games, it is customary for the visiting captain to order one of his batsmen to take risks and make a promising home bowler look such a fool that his selection is prevented. I have had such orders and carried them out with success. Hammond and others also have admitted "putting young potential bowlers out of Test candidacy." Fast bowlers sometimes have orders to do the same with promising young batsmen.

It does not pay to change horses in midstream, and it is equally unsafe to change cricket captains like turns in a high-speed revue. The English team (in the sense that it is untried) is weak but, in my opinion, the West Indies will fail to "show it up properly" because of the lack of continuity in control.

Since A. G. B. Austin's days I do not think the West Indies have ever had a really capable or strong skipper for Tests. The one doubtful exception was George Dewhurst, a wicket-keeper. George Headley may be over-cautious, but he is so much better than any of the other selected players that it is just ridiculous to let him be superseded in the remaining games of the rubber by men who, as the kindest critic would agree, are less experienced and less clever cricketers.

Far from such a course adding to white dignity, I think it must detract from it, though if there were a white skipper better than Headley none would object to choosing the best man as leader for all four games.

The Romans captured England long ago, and the history books say that Roman soldiers first brought the original game of cricket to England. But if tomorrow the newspapers announced that, for this reason, an Italian would captain the English side in the West Indies Tests instead of the well-liked G. O. Allen, everyone would laugh.

Until players and captains are considered on their merits by a justice blind to the colour of their skins, the West Indies will never field a team that truly represents West Indies strength.

The time has come when all this colour nonsense should come to an end.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

CYNICS say the best part of gardening is sitting in the sun watching the flowers grow. But William E. Narraway's problem is how to get enough time off from painting to cultivate his country garden. While pondering this recently, he spotted a friend fortifying himself with a cup of tea after a hard spell of digging. In his hand was a seed catalogue—that bright promise of rewards to come. The sight inspired Narraway, a hard headed Yorkshireman, to grab his paint brushes instead of a spade. Hence this cover.

FREE SPEECH

MOTHERS' PROBLEMS

IN THESE DAYS OF SHORTAGE and communal enterprise, many young mothers will agree with me that some scheme is necessary for loaning out various items of clothing and equipment for young babies.

Babies quickly grow out of clothes, and only a few months are necessary for them to grow too big for cribs and baby baths. High chairs and prams, too, might be loaned out by clinics. The prohibitive price of many of these articles places them beyond the reach of some hard-pressed homes.

All these articles might be "rented," and returned in a good state, properly cleaned either by the borrower or by the clinic. I am sure it would save young mothers many headaches and make baby-care a lot more easy and enjoyable.—MRS. R. O. MORGAN, 50 Mount Adon Park, London, S.E.22.

B.B.C. MYSTERIES

THE LISTENING PUBLIC is kept very much in the dark regarding B.B.C. finances. We pay a listening fee and take a chance as to what is offered us in return.

I contend that at least once a year we should be presented with a financial report, which could be published in the Press. A list of suggested entertainments could be given and the public invited to record their choice.—E. BURN, 26 Enid Avenue, Fulwell, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

TRAVELLERS' GRUMBLES

AS AN EMPLOYEE in the passenger department of the Cunard White Star Shipping Co., I am disgusted to see the number of complaints in our files from English passengers on the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*.

Many of the complaints from these people are about meals. The standard of food on both these vessels is well known to be excellent, and far removed from the "austere" diet that most of us have to get by with.

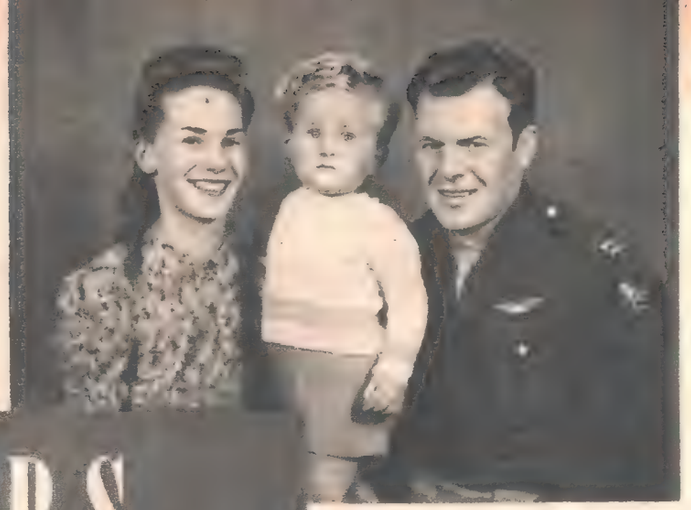
If these people find cause for complaint with it, one wonders how they manage at home in Britain.—D. G., Hants. (Full name and address enclosed.)

PIG MONEY

I RECENTLY DISPOSED of two pigs, one weighing 210 lb. and the other 290 lb. For the former I received £19 at 36s. a score, while for the latter, which was eighty pounds heavier, I received only £17 at the lower scale of 23s. 9d. a score.

I would have received the same if I had disposed of it when it weighed only 190 lb. To produce the additional 100 lb. of pork cost me about £7—for which I received nothing. The fact is that from the time a pig reaches its peak price at 210 lb. to when it reaches 280 lb. the fall in price is so rapid that it loses value with every meal!

Had I auctioned this pig, no doubt it would have been snapped up by a black marketeer at a much higher price. If the Government wants us to increase pig production, the prices must be adjusted.—E. LEMIN, Pool, Redruth, Cornwall.



P.S.

About G.I. Brides; the King; Parliament; Us British; Haggis

G.I. bride who's sometimes a little homesick: Mrs. Barbara Strate and her husband, with their son David, before leaving for the U.S.

I WAS PARTICULARLY interested in the recent JOHN BULL articles on G.I. brides by Donald Stokes, as my sister Barbara, formerly a fashion model, is herself a G.I. bride.

She married Captain Sherman Strate of the U.S. Air Force in July, 1942, when she was nineteen, and later went with him to America. Now, they live on a ranch in Montana and have a boy aged five and a baby girl aged sixteen months.

Though they are miles from anywhere, and she is sometimes a little homesick for England, there is so much to do on the ranch that she soon gets over it, and is very happy.

She has an "English" garden of stocks, and has now won her husband over to the British custom of having tea in the afternoon.—MRS. DIANA LOWE, 297 Beckenham Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Forgotten Wives

THOUGH I ADMIRE the courage of some of the G.I. brides who have fought for and won happiness in America, I feel that the G.I. brides who were left behind by their husbands have been forgotten.

Many of us are in a sad state, with children and no money coming in to support them. Getting our freedom will be a long, expensive and bitter struggle, as often husbands in the U.S. cannot be traced. There must be many like myself who cannot go out and work and who probably have found someone in this country to love and settle down with to make a home for their babies.

If the Government wishes to stop bigamy, an urgent step is to speed the divorces of these forgotten wives or annul their marriages. American community chests could help a great deal by sending parcels to the babies of these runaway American fathers.—MRS. E. D., Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Defender of the Faith

I WAS SHOCKED to see this paragraph in Claud Morris's article on kings (JOHN BULL, January 31): "George VI exemplifies something more than religious faith and churchgoing; he gives us more than faith in God. . . . I think he is helping us to believe in ourselves."

This assertion is not only blasphemous but shockingly dangerous. Arrogant belief in our own omnipotence has brought the world to its present Godless chaos.

I am convinced the King would be as horrified as thousands of your readers must be at this suggestion that his leadership can give us anything greater than faith in God.—JOHN LUKENS, Pound Avenue, Ringwood, Hants.

*** *Claud Morris writes: I did not say the King gives us a greater thing than religion. I did say he gives us something more. Today, when men feel they are hanging on to a life-raft, anything that may help an ordinary man to believe in himself and the people round him is worth while. I believe the more faith in himself a man has the nearer he is to God.*

Can't Keep Away

THE ARTICLE on visiting the House of Commons by Gordon Beckles (JOHN BULL, January 31) did not state that public galleryites may ask for a pass to the cafeteria, where a good meal can be had at a very reasonable price.

It is admittedly rather galling, after one has been queueing for hours, to see more privileged visitors walking straight into the public gallery.

Yet, despite all the discomforts and disadvantages, I know I shall visit Parliament again and again!—JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, 90 Gilders Road, Chessington, Surrey.

Correspondence Course

SINCE MY LETTER was printed in JOHN BULL in December, giving my views on how Britain and Europe might pull their socks up to become as great as America, I have received sixty-eight letters from all parts of the U.K.

I must say I have learned quite a lot about the British from these letters—although not all the writers disagreed with me.—PFC. DON L. SNEARY, 82nd Airborne Division, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, U.S.A.

*** *You weren't alone, Pfc. Sneary.* JOHN BULL *received lots more.*—EDITOR.

They Can Keep It

A SCOTTISH READER (JOHN BULL, January 24) cries "Hands Off Haggis." He needn't worry. As far as the English are concerned, the haggis is quite safe.

I've eaten whale, and lived to tell the tale,
And swallowed food that's sneezed at by the cat.
I've had to eat stewed rubber sold as meat,
But Haggis?—I'd sooner eat my hat!

—BERNARD HEATH, 117 Windermere Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.

Sorry, Annie

I WAS SURPRISED to see that in the JOHN BULL "Quiz" for January 31 the song "Doing What Comes Naturally" was attributed to the show *Oklahoma!* Doesn't it come from *Annie, Get Your Gun?*—DEREK C. HYDE, 16 Greenham Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.

*** *Sorry for the mistake, due to a last-minute alteration. Other of Annie's hit numbers include "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun," "I Got the Sun in the Morning" and "There's No Business Like Show Business." Oklahoma! hits include "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," "I Can't Say No" and "Out of My Dreams."*

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

LITERARY DOUBLES

(1) Who is the bearded philosopher who has the same surname as the central family in *The Grapes of Wrath?* (2) Which British politician and author is distinguished by his middle initial "S" from an American author with the same christian and surnames? (3) Which play by Noel Coward has for its title Shakespeare's description of Englishmen? (4) Which two famous playwrights both wrote plays called *Henry IV?*

ROUND AND ROUND

The answer to each of these questions is either *clockwise* or *anti-clockwise*. (1) Which way does traffic go round a roundabout? (2) Which way do greyhounds race? (3) When reversing, which way should you turn the steering wheel of a car to go to the right? (4) Which way does a screw turn to go in?

JACKS

(1) What was Jack Sprat's dietetic problem? (2) What is the Australian name for an inexperienced colonist? (3) What is a jack in the game of bowls; in angling? (4) What is a jack-staff; a jack-plane?

MATHEMATICS

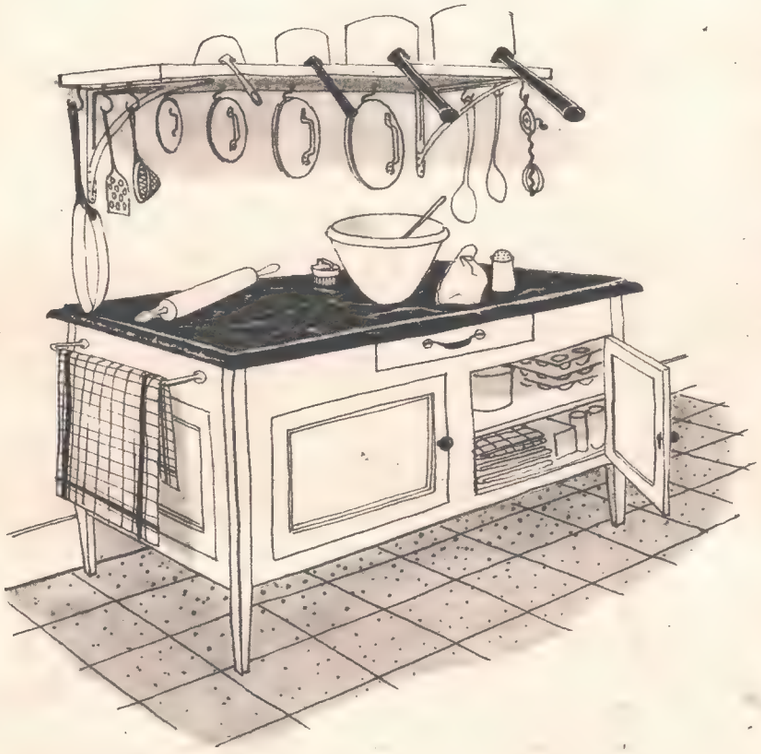
(1) How many spaces between spokes are there in a wheel having twenty spokes? (2) What is the sign meaning "square root"? (3) What is "squaring the circle"? (4) If Bill has forty-nine marbles which he shares equally with his friends—how many friends has he?

(Answers on page 18)

HOME IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

by Kay Smallshaw

Home-making isn't easy today. Manufacturers could help, but so can housewives themselves. The improvised table seen below is one answer



A YOUNG FRIEND of mine who is getting married this spring was moaning about the difficulty of setting up house on "units" and "dockets." She had her eye on a handsome kitchen cabinet, she said, but didn't see how to fit it in with everything else she needed.

I sympathized but I couldn't help remembering that I, too, once badly wanted a kitchen cupboard, complete with the latest gadgets. After fifteen years I'm still without it, and I can't say its absence troubles me greatly.

When I was shopping for my first flat, shortage of money was just as effective a deterrent to buying as scarcity of units is now. We prewar housewives also had to contrive and make do. Of course, the timber famine, on top of rationing, does make things worse today. But there are ways out.

With the exception of the stove and the sink, the most used piece in my kitchen is an old marble-topped washstand.

The drawer and cupboards take cutlery, mixing bowl, pudding basins, sieves and so on, and the towel rail at the side still serves the same purpose. There was an ugly little backpiece embellished with green tiles. That was removed at once and, screwed upside down to the wall, it makes an excellent saucepan shelf.

Hooks screwed into the wooden part of the shelf take lids, frying pans, egg whisks, soup ladles and the rest of the small impedimenta that one needs to keep handy. I bought that washstand before our last move, some four years ago, for twenty-five shillings.

Junk Shop Find

My latest treasure, found only six months ago in a local junk shop, is a glass-doored dresser top that was originally a shop fixture. The shelves are only four inches deep, so everything is visible and can't get pushed to the back. It covers the wall above the draining-board, and keeps my canisters free from dust.

Of course, the new dresser needed a bit of work. As we bought it, it was nearly nine feet long, with three doors, and was richly encrusted with ancient varnish in a deep cocoa shade. My husband stripped the paintwork and sawed the case in two, fixing on a new end. The double-doored part is destined for the sitting-room. After it is painted to match the walls outside, and the inside finished with mirror shelves and concealed lights, it will display our antique tea service beautifully.

Original cost of this fixture was two pounds. Yes, it's still possible to improvise, given the time and the will. Not that I sniff at lovely new equipment. No one is a more entranced visitor at exhibitions or shows of kitchen gear than I.

Cookers, saucepans and kitchen gadgets are in good supply, and their prices by today's standards are reasonable. But I'm afraid there is a sad dearth of laundry equipment. Good clothes-washing machines that can be fitted next to the sink with an attached wringer are very necessary.

Simple washing machines of this type, with the water heated by gas or electricity, are on the market now. They are not automatic in that the "agitator" has to be worked by hand. All the same they cut most of the drudgery out of washing and don't take up a great deal of room. Unfortunately, waiting lists are long and no one will even give a delivery date.

Should Ask Housewives

There seems to be a certain lack of balance about present manufacture for the home market. Luxurious, high-priced steel sinks and units of drawers and cupboards are to be seen everywhere. So are round clothes boilers—but they won't take a wringer or fit neatly into the space beside squared-off sink or cupboard. Most of the wringers on sale need their own stand and take up too much space.

I suggest that responsible manufacturers ought to be alive to these consumers' problems and plan their production accordingly. Let them consult the housewife who will buy their products. Women's Institutes and other associations could give a wealth of advice.

Much more, too, could be learned from exhibitions. Better-briefed salesmen or women on the stands are a first essential. They should not only know all the answers about their own product—and how rare this is—but enough about competitive lines to talk intelligently to the often more knowledgeable inquirer.

There is much they can learn from the customer. Tactful questions, a suggestions book and similar devices will supply the manufacturer with valuable information for a very small expenditure.

The sellers' market is already passing in the export trade. It won't last much longer at home. On the whole, that may prove a good thing. Abroad or at home we cannot afford to waste energy and materials in producing anything that does not fill a real need.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

with my feet up

Hush! Keep It Dark

SOME PROSPECTIVE entrants to the Civil Service are now being taken to spend a few days in a country house where their behaviour is watched, docketed, scheduled and finally assessed to determine their suitability for the job.

I can imagine a couple of tried and true civil servants collating all the reports on one of the applicants.

"Now this fellow Smith," says one. "He seems promising."

"I found him a likeable chap," says the other, "but I felt his taste in clothes was inclined to be a little *loud*, even for the country. That tie with horses' heads on it, for instance."

"Youth must have its fling, my dear Ponsonby. Remember, I once saw *you* wearing brown shoes."

"I must say Smith showed up well when he was asked to put up a notice on the door saying *KEEP OUT*."

"Yes, a fine piece of work. How did it begin? . . . *Intimation is hereby given that unaccredited personnel, except insofar as heretofore exempted by non-establishment under Clauses So-and-So. . . .*"

"He flopped somewhat when we asked him to write out the menu for lunch. He forgot to make a separate category for vegetables, made no interdependent schedule for fish and meat, and omitted a double-bracketed sub-section for custard."

"True. However, he did well in the oral examination. Quite the most evasive fellow we've had this week."

"Very good. I tried to pin him down on one or two points, and it was quite masterly the way he appeared to be helping in every possible way without ever doing or saying anything that got anywhere."

"He drank only a small sherry, and I gave him an extra mark when I heard him refer to it as an 'alcoholic beverage.'"

"I heard him call a potato an 'edible tuber.'"

"I think he's a cert for the job. Let's just read the psychiatrist's report before we finally approve him."

"Here it is: *The candidate shows energy and initiative. He is able to think for himself and will take immediate . and, if necessary, unorthodox action to solve an urgent problem.*"

"Hmmm. A pity—I liked that young fellow."

"Ah, well. . . . No doubt an outlet for his talents will be found in some other sphere."

by Ian Fox

DINNER TO A PIRATE

by DUDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Freda had been beautiful. Now she was weary and shabby while he was rich and feted. But the final triumph was hers

THE COMMISSIONAIRE hastened forward with large striped umbrella to escort Lord Mango across the dark damp pavement between the huge padded car and the revolving door of the hotel. His lordship's confidential secretary and man of affairs slipped the fur rugs back into the car and hurried after him to supervise the obsequious removal of hat and coat, the deferential introduction to the big anteroom where the company had gathered at a long, white-clothed bar.

"His lordship neither drinks nor smokes," murmured the confidential secretary to the waiter who moved up with a tray; then, just touching his employer's elbow, "Billing is at the far end of the bar with the union fellows. The directors are over to your right."

Mango nodded and stood for a moment gazing. He made a forbidding figure with his heavy, grey head thrust forward, his broad shoulders hunched a little in his habitual attitude, his hands clasped behind him. No dressing for dinner, of course, in these days of damned equality, but he nevertheless contrived to look dressed — black suit, starched white collar, black stock knotted loosely below the dewlap of his thick throat.

So this, he mused as he stood there, was his jubilee. This was where fifty years of hazard and venture led—to this nondescript crowd around a long, white buffet set with gin and cheese straws, to this drift of cigar smoke towards the ornate chandeliers, to the long dining-tables in the room adjoining furnished with linen and silver, patiently awaiting their guests. Lord Mango snorted.

WHEN people realized that he had arrived they came forward effusively. His directors grouped themselves around him, the smart financial ones cordial and patronizing, the technical men awkwardly square set, grasping sherry glasses with fingers too thick for the job, glancing for encouragement to their elderly straight-haired wives. Mango clasped his hands behind his back, thrust his craggy head still farther forward, and devoted himself to these latter.

For all his gruffness, the old man knew how to charm. No man, without that indefinable power of magnetism, could have started from poverty and built himself the Mango empire of structural steel and golden sovereigns, could have negotiated with ambassadors, financed revolutions, sent cargo fleets to sea, built industrial palaces.

Several of the elderly wives, for whom this dinner was the social event of the year, were persuaded after a few words that it was the social event of their lives. They flushed and smiled happily, and stored away treasures in their memories.

Mango watched them with an exact understanding of what he was doing. He had long ceased to wonder at the ease of it. How many lives, he sometimes mused, had he diverted to his own purposes by nothing more tangible than a

Even in memory he squirmed at the long, steady gaze she had directed at him during the sale

few words, a smile, a gesture at the right moment? Who said the slave trade was dead?

But this domestic gathering of directors and their wives was soon broken into by others. To mark the fiftieth anniversary of Mango's entry into the great corporation he now controlled, his confidential secretary—that reticent man behind the rimless spectacles—had done a little lion gathering.

There were a large fat lion who had explored all the distant places of the earth by helicopter, a small bearded lion whose argumentative roars emerged so frequently from every loudspeaker in the land, a reverend and black-clothed lion before whose pulpit the fashionable squirmed agreeably before proceeding to Sunday luncheon, a heavily rouged and well-curved lioness whose bedroom scene in the second act had been drawing the lascivious town for eighteen months; and many more.

FOR each of them Lord Mango had the right phrase, the appropriate look or gesture. And so, head forward, shoulders hunched, hands clasped, his once-muscular throat trembling a little with age between the points of his collar, he worked his way gradually through the throng till he came to that group to which his confidential secretary had originally directed his attention. ("His lordship neither drinks nor smokes," coldly murmured that functionary to the various waiters who, from time to time, approached with well-filled trays.)

The group which Mango now approached was composed mostly of men well into middle age; men with grey hair, wearing dark suits of sturdy cut. But in the middle of the group stood a younger man, in his early forties perhaps. This was Samson Billing, His Majesty's Minister for Industrial Constructions.

Mango, who knew his reputation as one of the coming men but had not previously met him, glanced at him curiously; though no sign of curiosity showed on that massive face.

He conceded grudgingly that the fellow had a well-built frame, and an expression that was not only intelligent and affable but knowledgeable, almost crafty.

Thirty years ago Mango would have hired such a man on sight; some of his most valuable lieutenants he had engaged in just that way.

He may be one of our new masters, rot him, thought Mango, but he's no fool.

THEY did not meet directly. Mango found himself facing an old union leader, an old opponent in the strike at the Birmingham works in '28—and, though neither would admit it, an old friend. Mango was a believer in the quality of men.

"Well, Ted," he said, "so you've won. You've come to the old man's funeral, eh?"

"Jubilee," said Ted.

"Oh, this old body may creak on for a few years more, but tonight is the real funeral. No need for soft words between us two. We gave you fellows a good fight—or some of us did, and some ratted. But now you've won. The country's got its brave new world, and for the first time in fifty years I've got bosses. Still, I've had my time, and a damn good time, too, by and large. Now it's your turn, Ted, you and the others of you."

He scarcely listened to Ted's reply. It was all good sense, no doubt. Changing times, changing economy, a new world and a difficult one—a damned difficult one. All true, no doubt. But he scarcely listened. New men, new bosses. The other side had won.

He believed it firmly. He brooded on it sometimes of an evening, in that gaunt mansion of his up on a hill in the Black Country, the house that once had shone with lights and silver and pomp; the house where his childless wife had died, fluttering the rings on her shrivelled hands at the circle of costly doctors and directing at him a glance of apology. Sometimes now, of an evening in the tall and sombre library when the old manservant had shuffled away, he sat and brooded on the changes that had overtaken him, on the loss of his power.

He knew what had happened, he saw it all quite clearly. Money he had, of course, plenty of that, more than he would ever spend. But no longer power.

With his own hands and his own brain, nothing else, he had built his own empire, toiling at it all his life, fearing no opposition, smashing down rivals. Now, in his old age, it was all being taken from him by forces he could not control. Men like this old fellow Ted, who had been one of his foremen, had planned and laboured for just that, through all those years.

Then two wars had turned the world topsy, broken old rules, thrown up new discontents. And suddenly the thing was done. The power had passed, without even much of a struggle, out of the hands of the individuals, the fighters—unscrupulous perhaps, but still fighters—to the organizers, the managers, the politicians.

Perhaps that was inevitable, Mango would sometimes muse, but was it good? Would England be as strong, as great?

Mango believed in the quality of an individual. He believed in the inheritance of quality; that his son, had he ever had one, would have inherited from him the strength and boldness to own and rule.

But now the power went to men who had proved only that they could talk and organize. This fellow Billing, for instance, this Minister of What'name, wielded from his Whitehall desk more power over industry than any politician had possessed before, more than most industrialists had ever known. Was he, could he be fitted for it?

MANGO realized that the little crowd had parted, and he and Billing stood face to face. Somebody introduced them. They spoke, of course, only banalities. But Mango was trying, behind his words, to weigh the fellow up, to assess him. He had charm, certainly, and looked as though he had strength. In spite of himself, Mango was not unimpressed; particularly when he realized that Billing also was quietly judging and weighing him in the same manner.

"By the way," said Billing suddenly, "I believe that many years ago you knew my parents."

"Indeed? I don't think I recall. . . ."

The younger man half turned and brought forward an elderly couple standing behind him. Mango regarded them without much interest, though a vague and elusive memory came and went in his mind. The man was a small, stooping person, rather draggled in appearance, nearly bald, peering through a pair of pince-nez; some retired clerk, maybe, or an unsuccessful accountant, scarcely enterprising enough to have been a shopkeeper. Mango had no recollection of him at all.

The woman was tall, rather shabbily clad, her grey hair pulled back into a bun. But she had quality. There were unmistakable traces of beauty still in her high cheekbones, wide brow, large brown eyes, even in the hair that, though grey, was still thick and graceful.

She extended her hand towards him diffidently.

"Well, Joe," she said, "after all these years. . . ."

Mango stared at her. Then suddenly realization came flooding into him.

"Freda!" he exclaimed, "and Peter—Peter Billing. Good God!"

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen, dinner is served."

BENEATH the brilliance of the chandeliers the diners made a chattering hubbub, but Lord Mango, in the seat of honour, scarcely heard them.

He ate the special food placed before him. (The confidential secretary had seen the hotel manager the previous day: "His lordship will eat no soup, nothing spiced, nothing greasy. Some cold breast of chicken and an orange salad, followed by a well-boiled rice pudding. I will send you the rice. His lordship will drink Vichy water.")

But Mango ate without tasting. His thoughts were wandering back through the mists of memory. Forty-five years ago, was it, when Peter Billing returned from London with his bride and introduced her to him? Perhaps even longer.

There was no great corporation then, but only a potty little building firm—Peter Billing's firm in those days, and he, young Joe Mango the draughtsman, just appointed junior partner.

He remembered Peter, sobersides Peter, coming back from London with such a surprising bride, and bringing her into the little ramshackle office to be introduced.

How lovely she was then, and how irresponsible and gay. The dour little town had never seen anybody like her. What a dash she cut, refurnishing Billing's grey old house, putting horses and carriages into the stables, hiring gardeners and servants, giving parties. Mango remembered a fragrance of silks and laces, a tinkle of laughter and luxury such as he had never known—he was living then in bare lodgings down by the canal.

After all these years his memories were incomplete. He could not even say whether he had been truly in love with her or whether it were just a dazzled fascination.

But he remembered how, unwittingly, she had furthered his plans. The face of Peter Billing grew fonder and more worried, as he worshipped her ever more deeply and fell ever more deeply into debt.

Mango saw his opportunity. He got together his savings and advanced them to Billing on the security of shares in the firm. He encouraged the man in his extravagance and wove a net around him. But soon Mango's own finances were insufficient to meet the man's need,

Continued on page 21

"Here it is—'Eric and Bridget, 1898'"

Answers to Quiz on Page 15

LITERARY DOUBLES. (1) Professor C. E. M. Joad. (2) Winston S. Churchill. (3) *This Happy Breed*. (4) Shakespeare and Pirandello.

ROUND AND ROUND. (1) Clockwise. (2) Anti-clockwise. (3) Clockwise. (4) Clockwise.

JACKS. (1) He could eat no fat. (2) Jackaroo. (3) The small white ball; a young or small pike. (4) A short staff usually on the bowsprit or at the bow of a ship; a long heavy plane for coarse work.

MATHEMATICS. (1) Twenty. (2) √ (3) Constructing a square of area equal to that of a given circle, or determining this area. (4) Six.

b for baby — and bottle, and benefit, and blessing. **S** for satisfaction — and sleep. **n** for Nestlé's Milk, full of creamy goodness, made easy for little stomachs to digest.

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FARROW'S for choice
English canned Fruits and Vegetables, Salad Cream, Tomato Ketchup and other good things from Orchard and Garden

Continued from page 18

and ever more frequently Billing would vanish to London to see the money-lenders. Mango watched it craftily, made sure that the firm would come to him, and waited patiently. He knew he would not have long to wait.

Meanwhile he and Freda were thrown more and more together. He mistily remembered a picnic during which they had wandered hand in hand through a little wood, a concert at which he had sat by her side watching the exquisite smoothness of her throat rising from a garland of fine lace.

He remembered how she had laughed at him, teased him, yet sometimes turned to him in a mood of delicious tenderness. And always in the background was Peter Billing, growing greyer, more silent, more anxious as he grappled with his money troubles.

Mango remembered, and even at that distance felt a pang at the last occasion. Billing was away on one of his visits to London.

There had been some party at which Freda had shone. Then, when all the guests had gone, they two were alone together, she in melting mood, he inflamed. Later—how much later it seemed—he came out into the grey, cold streets of the sleeping town, oblivious of their drabness in the rain.

It was the very next day that the little drama ended. Peter Billing came back from London, his face greyer and more hopeless than ever. He came back into the office, hung his hat on the peg, and then said: "Unless you can help me, Joe, I'm done."

He had put everything into a last gamble in gold shares and had lost. Now there remained only the assets of the firm itself, and most of those Joe Mango held as security for his own loans to Billing. Would Joe return those shares, waive his right to them for even a few months? They would suffice to rescue Billing from his Stock Exchange disaster and give him time to get on his feet again.

As he sat at his jubilee dinner, Mango suddenly recollected, after all those years, the long and painful pause that had followed this request. Then Joe Mango, that young Mango at the outset of his career, slowly shook his head; and Peter Billing broke down, put his head on his desk and made little moaning, whimpering noises. Painful.

Mango never again saw Freda except in the presence of other people. The house and furniture were sold up, the stables emptied, the gardens left to run wild. She never reproached him in words, though once she directed at him, across the crowded room where the furniture sale was taking place, a long and steady gaze at which even in memory he squirmed.

Then the Billings went away and till this day Mango had never heard what became of them. It was many years since he had even thought about them, obsessed as he had been in the construction of his massive fortune. In what conditions of poverty, perhaps even of squalor, had they spent that near half century?

From his seat of honour old Mango looked down the table till he found the places which those two occupied—Peter and Freda Billing, weary, old, shabby, broken by the world.

He saw the woman gaze in his direction, and then understood that she was looking, not at him, but at the man who sat on his right, young Samson Billing, member of the Government, man of new power.

Ah yes, that after all was Freda's triumph. Through all her years of miseries, of humiliation, of care, she had produced and reared this son. That was

Continued on page 22

BULLDOG SPIRIT helped EX-MINER

ALTHOUGH no longer fit enough for his work as a miner, veteran reader W. Harrison still kept cheerfully on with his hobby of *Bullets*. And something of his own never-say-die spirit went into this effort of his: DOGGED DETERMINATION—MAKING "HURDLER" OF "BULLDOG"!

Those words helped *him* over one or two hurdles, for they brought to his home at 3 Severn Street, Chopwell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a £300 First Prize telegram.

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated March 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Gandhi
Coal In Plenty
In Life's Steeplechase
Power Politics
For The Children
Better Off
Serpent Of Suspicion
Only Human
One False Step And
He's A Home-bird, So
Bewildering
Safe Enough
Grandma's Age
No Telling
With A Bang
Just Like Father
Technical Hitch
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Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

To Meet The.....
Has To Be.....
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If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 570**

1. Man conscious of this, is apt to become more deceitful
2. Has to be pretty tough
5. One may show a leaning which is dangerous
6. This can sincerely flatter an artist
11. It takes a long time to make good this
12. One often looks woolly
13. Is something thought of as merry

Down Clues

1. Commonly makes inroads in time
2. You may find it difficult to get a good box for this
3. A youngster gets this mainly from his home life
4. Borough Engineer should have little difficulty in making use of
7. Has been known to cause quite a commotion in flock
8. May be lacking in glamour for many people
9. There's really little excuse for a man taken in by
10. Innocent lamb is likely to be left this on racecourse

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,614

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Armchair or Radio: S. Smart, 24 Westgate Street, Bath:

SOMETHING MISSING TODAY, IN ALL *Consciences*!

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THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Armchair or Radio: R. K. Weldon, 9 Upper Castle Park, Belfast: PRECIOUS LITTLE—OF RAILWAY *Seat*, MINE!

TEN of £5 plus Alarm-clock: Mrs. M. R. Clements, 73 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16: HAUNTING DAD—WORE FOREMAN TO "SHADOW"! J. H. Greenhalgh, "Broompark," Houston Road, Bridge of Weir: RADIO COMEDIAN—WHO'S OFTEN "UNCONSCIOUS," BARTON! Miss L. Leader, 12 Halstock Avenue, Fishponds, Bristol: WHITEHALL MACHINERY—ISN'T MASTERING *Our* STATIONMASTER! Miss R. Lucas, 69 Park Street, Lye, Stourbridge: CAN'T GRUMBLE—DIEHARD—HE'S TOO APOPLECTIC! S. E. Mason, 40 Gibbs Road, Newport, Mon: IN AUSTERITY'S BLIZZARD—BURIED UP TO *Grin*. E. Oyston, 30 Dirkhill Road, Bradford: THE OFFICIAL UNBENT AND—OFFICIALDOM "CAUGHT HIM BENDING." N. R. Preston, 2 Palin Street, Widnes: MARSHALL'S LIFELINE — LAST LINK WITH — *Future*! F. L. S. Reid, 66 Cambridge Close, Hounslow: WOULDN'T BE PISTOL—IN THAT BLACK BAG? F. Sharp, 79 Spring Bank, Grimsby: RADIO COMEDIAN—TO CAREFREE SPIV, CRIPPS! F. W. Sykes, 2 Southall Crescent, Coseley, Staffs: THE OFFICIAL INITIALLED AND—INITIAL OFFICIAL RE-INITIALLED—BUREAUCRACY!

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XWORD 566

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

If you walk down the street and see people grinning . . .

IMPORTANCE OF BEING ORDINARY

I USED TO THINK February a hopeless sort of month to be born in. But, looking at my almanac, I see that February's given the world Charles Dickens, Charles Darwin, Cardinal Newman, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington—besides myself.

That last February birth hasn't got into the almanacs yet. I don't suppose it ever will. And, on this forty-seventh anniversary of what I used to think was an important event, I've discovered that I don't mind.

Now that's surprising—surprising to me, at least. There was a time when I minded a lot. As a boy, I was all set to be a great man when I grew up—or, at any rate, a famous one. I think I took my greatness for granted, and worried only about whether I would get my rightful share of the fame.

Sackcloth and Ashes

Being born in February seemed a big drawback, especially as it was Ash Wednesday, the day of sackcloth and ashes, and the day chosen by the Church for the solemn reading of God's cursing against sinners—those terrifying verses from the Old Testament, beginning "Cursed be he. . . ."

When I learned that I arrived at two in the morning, in the middle of a snowstorm, that my father was out of work at the time and my mother therefore not getting enough to eat, and that I, as a consequence, had rickets, I felt it was exactly what a chap might have expected on such a day—just my luck.

With the luck set dead against me, I sometimes feared I might have to wait until I was twenty-five or even twenty-six before I became famous.

Not that anyone encouraged me to think of myself as a great—or important—person. My parents certainly didn't. Mother often told me I was just like my father. And dad sometimes admitted it. But neither of them intended this as a compliment—nor did I take it as one.

It was much the same at school and at work. I don't remember that anyone puffed me up with effusive flattery or thoughtless praise. "Slow," "Guts-ache" and "Gawd-elpus" were the kind of names I answered to—especially when I started work.

Better than Any of Them

Yet, in the strict privacy of my own mind, I continually thought of myself as a great man. After carefully weighing up the evidence (most of which was known only to myself), I was inclined to think I was the greatest man that had ever been born.

I felt I could be a better general, a better statesman, a better preacher, a better writer than any of the great men of my time.

For years I felt sure that the only reason I hadn't already got a great name in the world was my bad luck. "Just my luck" was my favourite expression. Everything went against me. No one gave me a chance.

Looking back on it all now, what puzzles me is why I should have thought myself such an extraordinary chap — one so splendidly endowed with mental gifts, yet so cruelly picked out for fortune's foulest blows.

Was I more vain and foolish than the average young man and woman? Or do most youngsters see themselves like that?

For me, the process of growing older has been mainly a process of finding out how ordinary I am. And that's what makes me wonder if I may also have been ordinary in imagining myself extraordinary.

But whether that's so or not, I think I've got a lot more out of life since I began to discover I was ordinary.

Let 'em Laugh—I Don't Care

For one thing, I find I don't have to worry nearly so much about whether people are treating me with proper respect. When you feel you're an extraordinary man, destined to have your name in the almanacs and your tomb in Westminster Abbey, you naturally have to take careful account of the way people behave in your presence. If you walk down the street and see people grinning, you know they're grinning at you; because, of course, when you're about there can't be anything of greater importance to attract their attention.

So when you get home you have to spend hours in front of the looking-glass trying to discover what the joke was, and put it right. It's an agonizing business.

When you know you're only ordinary, it's altogether different. You realize it's possible people may be laughing at something else.

And even if they're not, you can still feel happy in the thought that you're providing them with a little harmless amusement at no cost to yourself. Nor can their laughter sink you any lower in the world's estimation than you already are in your own. In fact, by thinking you *worth* laughing at, they may even be raising you up.

Another pleasant thing is that you don't have to worry about being soiled by contact with the common mob. Once you've discovered you're thoroughly common yourself, you can feel happily at home in almost any company.

But I think the most satisfying thing about knowing oneself to be ordinary is the great possibilities it opens up for understanding the feelings of others.

Once a man grasps the fact of his own ordinariness, he is able to live a much fuller and deeper life. Instead of living all the time within the narrow limits of his own personality, shut in upon himself by his feeling of being "different," he can now expand into the lives of nearly all about him.

Worth all the Laurels

Because he knows himself to be ordinary, he can be fairly sure that nearly all his feelings are much like their feelings, and their feelings like his—even to the feeling of being "different." It's as though he can walk right inside almost everyone he meets, and so live a thousand lives instead of his own mere one.

It's a state of mind that's difficult to describe in words. It's something you either feel or you don't feel.

But if you are lucky enough to be so ordinary that you do feel it, I think it's worth all the mentions in the almanacs and all the tombs in Westminster Abbey.

For whether or not you leave any individual name behind you when you die, you do know that, at this moment of living, every shred and particle of you is in unison with all life.

Continued from page 21

her reward. Mango thought bitterly for a moment that it was a finer reward than his.

"My lord chairman, my lords, your worships, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for the Right Honourable Samson Billing, Privy Counsellor, Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the British Empire, His Majesty's Minister for Industrial Constructions, who will propose the toast of 'Your chairman'."

Lord Mango turned with curiosity as the younger man rose to speak.

He was sure of himself, this young Minister, Freda's son. He gently pushed aside his coffee cup, took a sip of water and gazed round the company before he began, smiling in the most pleasant and confident manner. His voice was rich and strong, and he knew how to use it. His first few sentences were witty, and yet friendly and confidential. He had his audience with him at once, laughing with him, interested in him, settling down happily with their cigars and brandy, sure that they were to be capably entertained. Mango himself was grudgingly impressed.

After the first few minutes, young Billing turned to more serious subjects, the industrial and economic situation of the country, his hopes and fears for the future.

Here he was getting on to an accustomed theme. His voice became richer, more sonorous, deeper pitched. He shifted his body into a posture that was evidently habitual with him. He thrust his head forward. He hunched his shoulders a little. He clasped his hands firmly behind his back.

Then decorum was broken.

As the startled guests swivelled their heads and opened their mouths they saw their chairman fling himself back in his seat, tilting his head against the carved woodwork of his tall chair. And with great guffaws that shook and trembled the very chandeliers, Lord Mango laughed and laughed and laughed.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Farmers Who Shoot

OWNERS OF DOGS are often perturbed by notices, issued by farmers, that animals found straying on their land will be shot. A reader writes:

"A friend of mine has had his dog killed by a farmer who said it was worrying his chickens. Quite a number of farmers in this district have announced their intention of shooting any dog which strays into their fields.

"I had always understood that a farmer could only be allowed to kill a dog if he found it actually worrying a sheep.

"I should like to know if this is so, as I have a couple of dogs of my own. They are pretty well trained, but they are let out occasionally and I should hate to lose them in this way."

A farmer would not be free from liability in a civil action unless he were able to show that his chickens could not otherwise have been protected. He would have to show that the shooting of the dog was done in the honest belief that it was really necessary.

There are several Acts of Parliament under which proceedings could be taken, and should the occasion arise it would be advisable to consult a solicitor.

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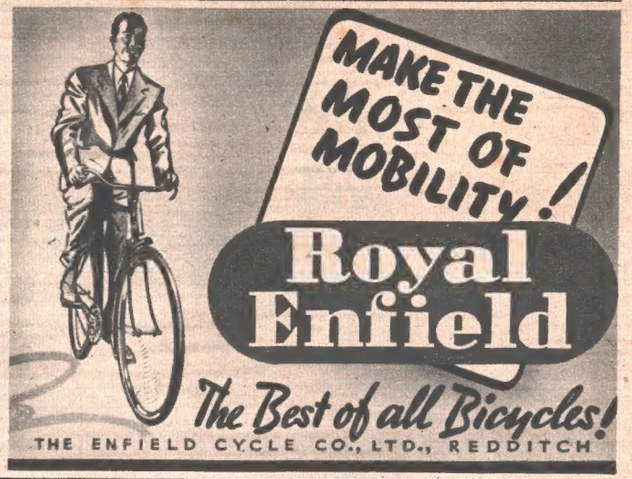

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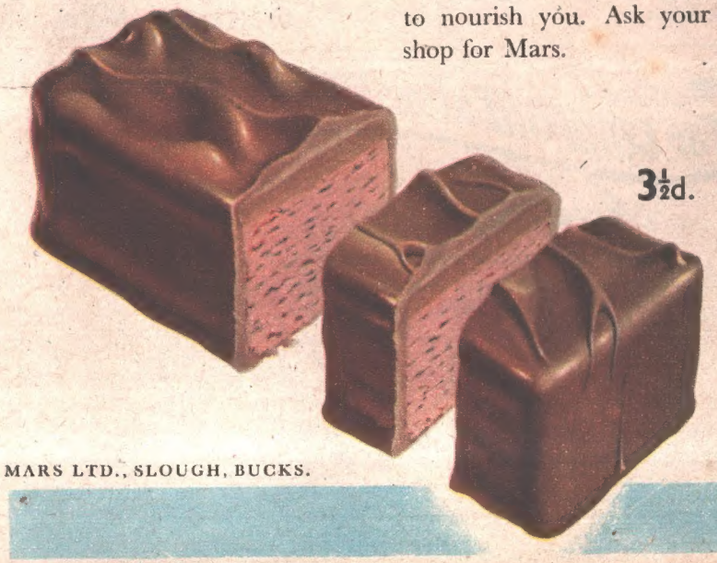

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